

Special Features This Issue
"Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Regatta"
"The Return of Butcher Boy" - "Building Vesper"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 22

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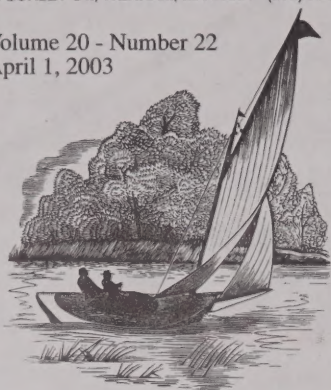
April 1, 2003



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This little boat hiding in the bulrushes is one of the Heritage Featherlite kayaks that have graced our back cover most of the past year. Way back last year I visited Heritage in Rhode Island and picked up the boat for some paddling where I felt it most fit, on the small backwaters which lay hidden within our suburban environment amongst marshlands and woodlands protected from development by visionary land preservation trusts. Underwritten mainly by the area landed gentry, many families that go back to colonial times hereabouts, these trusts have preserved thousands of acres and miles of streams and marshlands, held in trust as accessible greenspace for all who wish to enjoy them.

It was a dry spring and summer and the tiny streams ran so low that I never got out there until late November on what turned out to be the last 60 degree day before this long cold winter shut us down. Then the photos remained locked up in my camera until I finally ran out the film in January to see what I had, two months after the day.

The chosen venue was a local stream called the Miles River, which rises in my town from a small water supply impoundment and meanders a dozen miles or so through mostly open countryside owned by the landed gentry until joining the major river of our watershed, the Ipswich River. Much of it is navigable in a very small boat at spring high water time. Last November we had some heavy fall rains which raised the water level enough for me to assay a short exploratory trip to see how the Featherlite would serve.

The little kayak served me very well, it is roomy and stable for rubbernecking, with a very comfortable seat with backrest. It is too short to provide any "speed" and so a relaxed lingering along can be enjoyed. Despite having no rudder or skeg, the hull shape (designed by a naval architect, this is no dime store plastic toy) kept the boat going pretty straight despite the leverage of my longish sea kayak double paddle.

My little sojourn took place over about three miles of the stream through marshland with no easily accessible bankings. I travelled downstream from my back road bridge put in (actually just a rather large culvert) until I came to a low bridge carrying a bridge trail over the stream. I could have climbed out and carried over, but I turned back and went upstream the other way from my starting point. Progress ceased in a wide marshgrass area where the "main" channel disappeared into a maze of possibilities amongst the grassy hummocks. The sun was getting low (it was only three weeks to the shortest day of the year) so I decided to call it a day.

Based on this test run I now think I will undertake what Joel Thomas, proprietor of the New England Small Craft Center in nearby Rowley, once referred to as "The Great Miles River Expedition", an attempt to run the length of this tortuous tiny stream from as high upstream as water level and absence of underbrush will permit launching, to the confluence with the mighty Ipswich. The obvious major hurdle will be finding the mainstream where high water from our record winter snowfall will have flooded the marshes and fields adjacent to it.

Hardly the stuff for a story for *Outside* magazine, but it fits this little magazine's more modest aspirations for adventure so you'll get to read about it, if and when it happens.



Looking Ahead...

The Rockport Apprenticeship reports on their recently held winter launching in "On a Chilly Morning"

Malcolm Wells discovers the simplicity of sailing in "One Good Day of Sailing"; Doc Shuter describes some really fast (iceboating) bygone sailing adventures in "A Sunbeam Tiger Tale"; George Story recalls his 9 year old son's help bringing home their boat on an early winter "Haulout Day"; Ken Preston continues his series on "The Seagull's First Trip to Baja"; and Chris Kaiser continues her observations through her "Window on the Water".

Richard Hatch recalls "My First Boat", built at age 12; Robb White undertakes a "Grumman Sport Boat Improvement Project"; and takes a look back at the molded plywood "RayCraft" of the '50s; and Derek Van Loan continues his report about "Building My Vesper Sailing Canoe";

Richard Kolin brings us the latest of "My Favorite Things", in this instance "Ranger, a 10-1/2' Sailing Boat"; Mississippi Bob Brown announces that he's had "Enough OPBs!"; John Welsford suggest that "Plywood Ain't Wot It Used to Be" in his "From the Drawing Board"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will be with us with another from their inexhaustable file of designs.

Tom & Heather Grimes tell us how it is "Sail Camping With Toddlers"; and Duncan Wright espouses oil, tar and salt in his discussion of "Preserving Wooden Boats".

On the Cover...

A restored 100 year old *Butcher Boy* recently reappeared on San Diego Bay and amazed the yachting fleet with her fleetness and beauty. Joe Dittler tells us all about this inspiring occasion, the marvelous boat herself, and the struggle to bring her back from the dusty warehouse in which she languished for oh so many years.

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Tom Peters, *Forbes*



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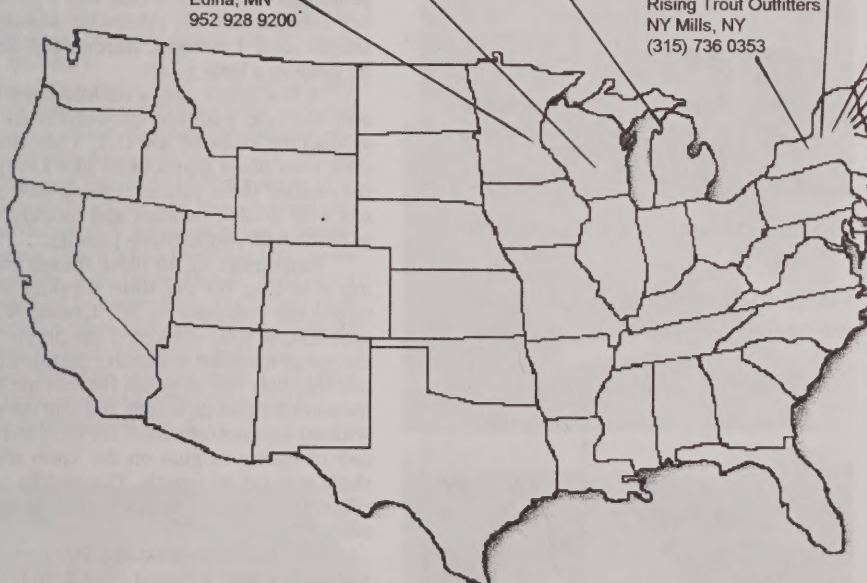
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Activities & Events...

21st Run of the Charles Canoe & Kayak Race

The Charles River Watershed Association's (CRWA) 21st Run of the Charles Canoe & Kayak Race is scheduled for Sunday, April 27. The annual race showcases the ongoing improvements in the Charles River while drawing over 1,800 paddlers and thousands of spectators to enjoy a day on the river. It features paddling races for all skill levels from expert to novice.

The races begin at various points along the Charles River, travel through Needham, Dedham, Newton, Wellesley, Waltham, and Watertown, all finish at the MDC Herter/Artesani Park on Soldiers Field Rd. in Allston. Admission is free to the Finish Line Festival, which features food, music, awards, outdoor sports demonstrations, and post race picnics.

The Run of the Charles helps raise funds for the Charles River Watershed Association. Since its founding in 1965, CRWA has played a prominent role in cleaning up the river and protecting its watershed.

For more information please call (800) 969-RACE, or visit www.charlesriver.org, <rotc@charlesriver.org>



Osterville Museum Boatshops Open

The Osterville (MA) Historical Society Museum boatshops will be open May 15-18 during Maritime Heritage Week at no charge. The Osterville Historical Society was formed in 1931, incorporating as a nonprofit in 1956. Today the Osterville Historical Society is the caretaker of a growing museum complex that contains the Captain Parker House, the Cammett House, and the Boat Shops. We are open to the public four days weekly from mid June to late September, and have approximately 500 visitors annually who come from as far away as England, throughout the U.S., and as near as Osterville and surrounding towns.

The Boat Shops were founded in 1975 under the auspices of David Crosby, a descendant of the Crosby Boat Yard family. Consisting of three boat sheds, the shops include one building, financed by the Historical Society in 1996, and the original Herbert F. Crosby Boat Shop, which was moved to the site in 1976. The shops display maritime artifacts, photographs, ship building tools, and spectacular full size examples of wooden Crosby catboats, a Wianno Senior and Junior. The shops also contain an impressive mural of the Osterville waterfront painted in 1946 by Vernon Coleman, a local artist well known for his WPA funded paintings of Cape Cod scenes.

Susan McGarry, Executive Director, Osterville Historical Society, P.O. Box 3, 155 West Bay Rd., Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428 5861, www.osterville.org, <ohs@osterville.org>

Adventures & Experiences...

Electric Cruising

Our family cruised our electric boat *Ginger* in Washington's San Juan Islands on our 2-1/2 week vacation last June. We were accompanied by friends and relatives in a Catalina 25 and a 20' Dobler dory. Our kids and their cousins roved through our armada catching rides with whoever offered the best food at the time.

We had to offload a few people each night to camp ashore due to lack of berths, but in the San Juans this is relatively easy with many boat-in campsites scattered throughout.

After two weeks of such easy hops around the islands my son Chris and I ran *Ginger* down to Seattle's Lake Union via Deception Pass and the Saratoga Passage while my wife Sandy and daughter Jessica drove the truck and trailer back and the others headed home to jobs and summer camps. Chris's company was vital in relieving boredom, the boat is just too simple to be fun on long passages.

Ginger's longest run was 42 miles from Anacortes to Langley in 7-1/2 hours, during which the voltmeter never dipped below the nominal 36 volts (we still had over a "half tank" of electrons available in the battery bank).

Dan Pence, Portland, OR



Ginger cruising past Orcas Island, Washington.

Friend Richard Stover in his 20' Dobler sailing dory *Sam's Boat*.



Opinions...

Appreciates Subtle Safety Instruction

I always enjoy *Boats* and look forward to each issue, but the February 15 issue was particularly enjoyable for me. The excellent article on cruising catboats recalled for me the most favorite boat I have ever owned, a cruising cat built in 1906 which I sailed in the '60s. That was fun.

I was especially pleased to see how many of the photos showed youngsters and adults wearing PFDs. The subtle instruction that those photos offer is a real contribution to boating safety. It is because of this kind of good example that I see fewer and fewer youngsters who are not wearing a properly sized life jacket when I am on Coast Guard safety patrols. Let me express my thanks and the thanks of all of us who are concerned with on water safety for this quiet teaching.

Tom Shaw, USCG Auxiliary, Wilmington, NC

Wild & Outlaw Funding

I always find Robb White's writings, and sometimes rantings, enjoyable and informative. Now I find myself responding to one of his blurbs in the January 15 issue under the heading, "Wild and Outlaw Rigs." This got me to thinking, there may be a way to fund such a project by documenting it thoroughly with sketches, drawings, and video. I'm sure that "Shock Television" will surely be interested and be willing to pay a premium price for the footage of the "explosion and the ensuing fire!"

Jerry Mathieu, Westport, MA

Gotta Like That Bent Shaft

In his recent paddling story, Reinhard Zollitsch carried on about his paddle from Zaveral, and it got me thinking about the bent shaft paddles. I think they started about 25 years ago. Yes, maybe that was a good idea, but complicated an otherwise wonderfully simple idea. I thought, another fad that will be gone in a little while.

A few years ago, a middle-aged fellow and his son paddled thousands of miles around the coast of the U.S. They designed their own boats that looked like kayaks, but they called them canoes. I think they started out with double paddles and quickly turned to bent shaft single blade paddles.

Remembering all these things and having a feeling for the time slipping away, I called the company in Mt. Upton, NY. The nice fellow who answered the phone talked me out of the most expensive paddle and into one that was just as good. He told me how to measure for paddle length and sent the paddle without the knob attached. He included a little dab of epoxy to glue on the knob after the shaft was cut to length. The paddle arrived promptly by mail. The cutting and gluing was easy.

The paddle is amazing. It weighs 9 oz., just over a half a pound, like nine letters in the mail. It startles people when they pick it up for the first time. One of my friends says it must be made of paper. It's not made of paper. It is carbon fiber and epoxy and it is tough. There is no spring.

The blade is so thin it hardly makes splash going and coming from the water.

Moving it sideways in the water is effortless. The bent shaft makes you adjust your stroke a little but it seems very natural to me. The top grip fits into your hand a little better. It has a front and a back.

It seems to me a little less water drips off the paddle on return stroke. Maybe it is the smooth surface and the thin blade. Maybe it isn't any different. I haven't measured it and I don't think I will bother.

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL

Projects...

Apartment Built

Here is a photo of a boat I built in my apartment in Chicago, now five years old and still hanging together. It is okay for sailing, okay for double paddling, excellent for rowing. *MAIB* inspired this project.

Bob Hansen, Chicago, IL



Definitely Boat Related

Thought I'd write you about this project as it is definitely boat related (for several generations of us). I am the very proud grandparent of my first grandson, Avery, two months old and looking very content in the Bahama Dinghy Cradle I built for him. It took a lot longer than I had anticipated to build, but I am pleased with the results, not perfect, but it will do. It's the first boat I have ever built, although I have restored many. It will definitely not be the last boat I ever build.

I had declared several times that it was my intent to make this young lad a sailor. His mother apparently has no problem with that, which is a good thing! She knows I'm boat crazy (probably everyone else does as well, as my current fleet is seven boats) with one still in drydock. Anyway, that's not the main point of my story.

When my wife and I were at my daughter's house recently, the little guy fell asleep on my chest. Nobody, absolutely nobody, could ever have told me what a special feeling that was! We started talking about how babies like to be close like that so they can hear your heart (it's apparently very soothing to them). That's when I told her I had been experimenting with biofeedback. Told her I was interested in controlling my heart. Had good success with it. Why, right then my heart was going "b-boat... b-boat... b-boat."

When the little guy can read, I will buy him his very own subscription to *MAIB*!!

Pete Smullen Mystic, CT



Poet's Corner...

My First Kayak

By Bunny Fernald

The kayak that we built looked like it
Would never float.

Barrel hoops, strapping and an old cover
From a boat.

I laid on many coats of thick green paint,
If you think she is a beauty - she ain't.

She stayed with us for many years,
Over her, my mother shed a lot of tears.

We kids would paddle her on the ice pond
And often come home with wet clothes on.

My stepfather would take her off on his car
To gather pond lilies - he'd have to drive far.

Our chef went with him one fall night.
Chef tipped her over and went out of sight.

He was soon rescued and pulled to the shore.
That was the end - he swore he'd use her no more.

I would often paddle her in Rowley on the brook
Behind the house that belonged to Jim Cook.

The brook was so narrow that she'd barely squeeze through.
If I say I had lots of fun - you know that it is true.

This Magazine...

Still With Us

After many years as a Canadian subscriber, I share now your frustration in the apparent inability of both our countries to deliver the mail in a timely and reliable fashion at a reasonable cost. However, my son passes along his well-read copies whenever we visit him in Maine, so eventually I get to read Robb White's latest rants and get caught up on the other boating events and stories that, for the most part, are enjoyable in a timeless fashion.

So I am still with you even as I have allowed my subscription to expire, a continuing enthusiastic reader.

The accompanying photos are from our last summer's cruise along the Nova Scotia coast aboard our 28' schooner.

Ed Porter, Lunenburg, NS.



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Despite having heard the icy wind's tongue rasping the little cottage all night, I was not prepared for the view out the front window at 7:00 this morning. From the lee shore of Plum Island, out across the bay towards Annisquam, the ocean was a witch's cauldron of sea smoke. Sea smoke occurs when there is a great difference between water and air temperature. This morning's temperature is 12° F, but the ocean is still warm from a long mild fall, hence, sea smoke.

Consulting everyman's oracle, "Google," I found that sea smoke is more often found in the Arctic regions. Typically in the Arctic the tide will expose still liquid salt water to the frigid air mass and the resulting vaporization is called sea smoke. Say the water in tide-generated cracks or fissures in the surrounding ice pack is between +2°C and -2°C when the rise and fall of the tides splits the pack ice or exposes the rims of ice formed around rocks, there would be more than a 30-degree difference between the freezing air and the water. Vaporization happens immediately and the fog/smoke lifts up over a clear colder layer of air. Here we have the same principle at work, just no pack ice (yet). The wind is blowing steady and fierce out of the north.

Later in the morning the water's surface becomes more active. White horses are galloping down the Sound, pushed by the wind and bucking the tide. Watching from the house I am mesmerized by the patterns. Sometimes I feel queasy watching the long swells roll along, sea sick from land! The mussel beds across the street are shallow and



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

The Ways of Winter On the Coast

the waves clamber over the obstruction as they move down the Sound. It becomes the cauldron, a churning and twisting stew of wind and water. It reminds me of the Labor Day weekend when everyone with a boat or friend of a boat owner was out on the Sound. The traffic created a condition known as "Long Island Chop."

It was my first exposure to turf wars on water and the concept of "I own a big powerboat, so I own the water," human nature at its most active, if not on its best behavior. Between the outrageous antics of the bigger boats and the foolhardy ventures of the totally unaware, it's a wonder that the newspapers weren't full of waterborne obituaries the next day.

Winter has been well and truly here, biting winds, rampaging waves, only a few gulls

flying. No birds at the feeders, even the squirrel is holed up. It's different from last Sunday's balmy 45 degrees when the goose hunters arrived on Plum Island. As you read these coastal commentaries, you'll see I am a morning person. A lot of what I observe goes on in the dawn to 9:00 time frame.

The hunters had come over to the island in the most outrageous looking contraption. It was a whaler type hull with an elaborate framework topside. The framework was covered with camouflage netting and rejects from a Tiki bar's hula skirt collection. It didn't fool me, and I doubt it will fool the geese and ducks. Something about two black labs barking in unadulterated joy from the bows gave the whole deal away. Once at the island the hunters chose to hunt from the shore.

They stood with guns at semi parade rest as they scanned the brightening sky for incoming flocks. The dogs alternately waded into the ocean, played with driftwood sticks, or leaned against the gunners' legs. I was glad it was just birdshot and not high powered deer slugs that they were discharging futilely towards our shore. They may have been serious hunters that hit poor pickings, or just buddies out with the dogs for a day outside. Which ever, I did have to admire the boat handling skill of the helmsman.

The wind had picked up a bit and the currents were at cross-purposes as the hunters went upstream towards Newburyport and the Rowley marshes. Launching off the steep beach with breaking waves and leaping labs was tricky. The awkward camo top presented stiff resistance to maneuvering into the wind. The potential submarine drifted down current, and once away from the shore influence, they headed into the wind. They made remarkable forward progress, must have a BIG outboard hidden under the grass skirts. I couldn't see where they had the PFDs, but they weren't visible. Maybe they were the new vest-strap sort, or the heavy hunting coats may have had built in flotation. No matter, if they fell overboard they'd die of exposure before hitting bottom with all the gear they had on.

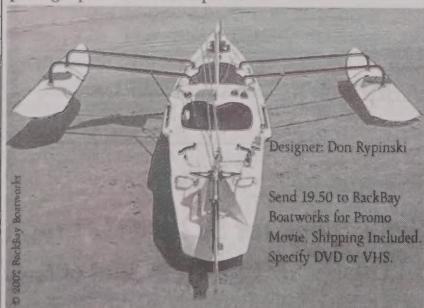
It's truly winter when all but the hardiest boater has abandoned the shore, so my upcoming articles will continue chronicling the ways of winter on the coast.

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While on the 1996 Lake Champlain Magnum Opus Cruise of the Shallow Water Sailors, the SWS flotilla spent a quiet night on the Boquet River. I was crewing on *Dream Come True*, John Parsons' MacGregor 26. In the middle of the night I got up and went on deck. It was a moonlit night and all around us were the shadowy outlines of the SWS boats at anchor. One of those perfect nights that makes it hard to go back to sleep, you just want to inhale the cool night air and listen to the night sounds. What made this particular night even more memorable was a chorus of frogs singing away. I got out my video camera and captured their song. Every once in a while I play the tape and suddenly goes black and all I hear is the song of frogs. That's how I remember that special night.

Of all the frog songs, the one I love the best is when a whole chorus of spring peepers make their music. They have a very high pitch and when hundreds of them sing together it rather sounds like locusts. The fact that they sing in early spring is a big factor in why I love the sound so, they are signaling the start of another spring and summer and, of course, the beginning of the sailing season for us in the Northeast.

Have you ever tried to pinpoint one of these singers? I have tried and always have failed. Once there was a lone peeper in my own. Now I've got 'im! I got down on my hands and knees and crawled this way and that trying to find him by his song. No luck. The high pitch of its song was so elusive it gave no directional clues. I gave up, remembering why Nature provides high pitched voices to those creatures that must protect themselves from predators.

The Spring Peeper is a small frog having an adult length of only a little over an inch long. The peeper has dorsal marks that form an imperfect X on its back. I guess it's because of this mark that its Latin name contains the term "crucifer." Its general coloration is a variation of brown, gray, or green (like I'll ever see one to check this out). There are two subspecies of the peeper, the Northern Spring Peeper and the Southern Spring Peeper.

A female peeper lays about 1000 eggs, singly, on twigs and leaf litter at the bottoms of ponds. Then adults head back to the woods for the summer, fall, and winter. The males may continue to call from trees, clinging a yard or more off the ground with adhesive toe pads. Some call occasionally during the day throughout the summer and fall. The tadpoles develop rapidly and transform from July through September.

Peepers eat mostly soft-bodied invertebrates. Small spiders, moth larvae, and water bugs are common foods.

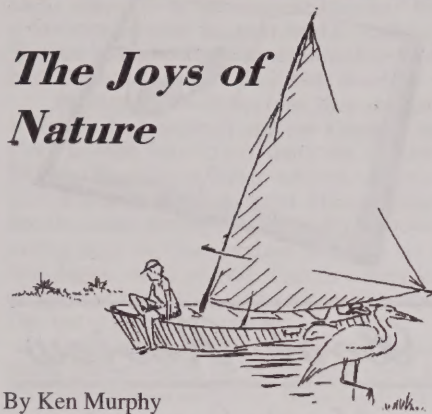
Those messabout boaters who get a jump in spring and are out on their craft in an early morning are a favored group, lucky to experience the sharp, piercing, bird-like peeps that, at a distance, sound like the tinkling of sleigh bells.

Canoe Epiphany

I received this e-mail from David A. Far in response to the Joy of Nature column, "Of Mice and Men," in the January 15 issue of *MAIB*:

"Many, many years ago when I was a young man, about two years out of the Korean war, sick of killing and the military, while

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Spring Peeper



Spring Peeper (*pseudacris crucifer*)

floating along in my aluminum canoe somewhere off the shoreline of the Hudson river the following event took place."

"It was a hot, windless summer day. One of those rare days when the sky was kinda overcast but not a breeze was blowing. I was drifting along a few hundred yards from Sing Sing prison, not exploring, not fishing, just floating and dozing, contemplating what life might be like for the prisoners in Sing Sing who were watching me drift by. Were they envious of me I wondered?"

"I was seated on the sole of the canoe leaning against the thwart that supported the seat. The warm sun filtered slightly by the haze was beating down on my upturned face and I was in a dream state, oblivious to everything except the brilliant red glow behind my eyelids generated from the sun. The canoe was gently rocking and I could hear the water kissing and gently slapping the side of the boat."

"Suddenly above those sounds came an insistent buzzing splashing noise...it came, then went away, then came again a little louder. I cracked open one eye but saw nothing and went back to my drifting dream state. A few minutes later it started again, this time a little louder and I sat up and looked out at the oily water. About 10 feet away was a big fat bumblebee flailing his wet wings in the water furiously but unable to break the surface tension of the water and fly away. I thought to myself, if he doesn't get out of that water soon, he will either drown or end up in the belly of a fish, not a pleasant way to die, if there is such a thing."

"After a few minutes he was drifting towards me and I guess I just instinctively offered him a hand. I slid my paddle under the water and after a few tries he kinda held onto the paddle. I gently brought the paddle into the canoe and dumped him onto the seat opposite me. He lay there in a soggy heap for what seemed to be an eternity moving nothing but his antennae. Finally he seemed to be able to get his legs moving and he dragged his wet body around in a circle on the seat leaving a trail of water. After a little preening with his front legs he was able to flap his wings, slowly at first then more and more rapidly until he could get his ungainly body an inch or two off of the seat. After a few attempts at flight, it appeared he decided to rest in the warm sun and dry off completely. All of this activity took place in a period of about 20 minutes."

"After sitting for a bit more, staring at me, he walked over to the gunwale, looked over his shoulder at me, and took off. He circled my head about three inches from my face four times as if to thank me for the helping hand, then flew off further and further until he vanished into the horizon. My killing days were over."

Please send your e-mails regarding your own experiences with Nature to kgmurphy@erols.com.

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LWL - 16'
Draft 0'8"

This book is useful in many ways for so many folks. In the Seaport's announcement of this new edition, they said, "...for the historian, the boatbuilder, and those who appreciate fine craftsmanship, *Mystic Seaport Watercraft* will provide hours of pleasure and will serve as an inspiring reference." Seldom has self-advertisement been so correct. And, hard to believe, there is more to the story.

This is a book that lets us see traditional small craft, imagine them as they were way back then, and gives us a chance to build and use new ones like them.

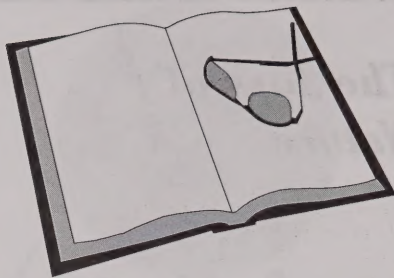
For an emerging fan finding his, or her, way into the world of traditional small craft, it is a great aid. More than a few books try to do this, and inevitably they end as nostalgic journeys that evaporate in some sort of fog. They simply don't respect that these little boats, though often inexpensive to build, rebuild (my path), or buy and use, are truly obscure craft. The old folks for whom these boats were but memories are gone. You just can't go down a dusty old county road, see one along the shore, talk to the man, or quite likely, the woman who rowed or sailed and hunted or fished it, talk to the local builder, and then decide if it's the boat for you.

Matter of fact, the road to the creek is gone, too. Likely it has become the entryway to a gated community and the shoreline has been dockominums for while. And the boatbuilder? Well, his grandson might be around and he, the grandson, might allow that he remembers the old fellow and yes, the old fellow did build boats and other things, too. And that was all long time ago, before those folks passed on, before so much changed. But here's the real thing, the crabs are still there, and so are the fish and the lobsters, the wildlife, the wind, the waves, the sun-blown days, the mist, and the twilight. The real thing, the "makings" of the fun to be had with a traditional small craft, is still there. The question is: How do you unravel time, go back before the gasoline engine into the world of a decent old time craft that'll be plenty of fun?

This is a great question, but before we even get to the book, let's get down to basics. Our fan in his, or her, own way is going on a journey. It's one that takes enthusiasm and, perhaps, a distinct dissatisfaction with a life that revolves around passive pleasures and consumerism. This journey takes some doing, some curiosity. It takes someone looking for more than a thing, though he, or she, sure needs this thing, the boat. It takes someone looking for a way with things, simple beautiful things, things of the water's edge, of tide, of creek and bay and cove, of wind and wave, of exercise, of judgement and respect, of how it all comes together. So going slowly forward, doing a little roaming around, say a day here and there checking out things nearby, maybe meeting a few people, will help.

For starters, our fan might check the *Messing About in Boats* list of events and museums, then the Traditional Small Craft Association's website (tsca.net) to see if there is a chapter reasonably close.

This might bring him, or her, or the whole family to the local watercraft museum. They are up and down the east coast and San Francisco has a maritime museum with an interest in small craft. There is The Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle. In fact, on both coasts there are traditional small craft liver-

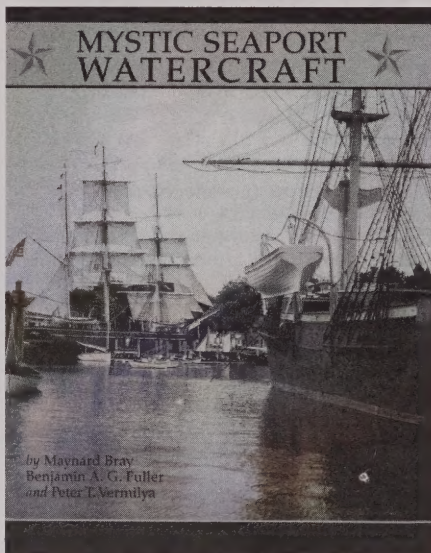


Book Review

Mystic Seaport Watercraft

By Maynard Bray
Benjamin A.G. Fuller
Peter Vermilya
Third Edition 2001
Mystic Seaport,
75 Greenmanville Ave.
Mystic, CT 06355-0990
Clothbound \$39.95

Reviewed by Tim Weaver



ies. In Seattle and at Mystic you can try out a variety of traditional small rowing and sailing craft and often buy the plans to build one and the books to show you how.

And there are the local small craft meets and larger museum sponsored affairs. On the East Coast, the oldest of these gatherings is Mystic's John Gardner Small Craft weekend in June. St. Michaels, Maryland, not far from Annapolis, has the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival in the fall. At Mystic, you or you and the family can stay on the square-rigger *Joseph Conrad*. The camping at St. Michael's is a great delight. There are also events in Carolina and Louisiana. On the West Coast, the Center for Wooden Boats has a festival and I am sure there are more, especially on the Great Lakes.

If you live near a TSCA chapter, that is good luck. Soon you will meet folks with tra-

ditional small boats, get to try a few, and garner helpful hints on where to look and what to look for in a used one. Enjoy adventures in a variety of boats, discover how nicely some boats row, how a spritsail is set, ways to play the tide, row, and fish. There might even be an old boat that needs some work and some newfound friends to help out.

And soon, and it is bound to happen, our fan, a curious soul, may begin imagining things, perhaps a catboat (maybe a spritsail cat), or a dinghy of one sort or another, or a Newport fish and lobster boat (the lovely Button Swan), or a sharpie (mine is a copy of the "W.B." and I recommend that one if you like kids and creeks), or Gardner's dories (lots of them and all sorts, and so perfect if you are on bays that can throw a bit of water at you), or a butthead skiff (great creek boat), or Whitehalls (great open harbor rowing boat), or Peapods (many models and a salty, rugged, easy rowing Downeast favorite), railbird skiffs (in the Eakins manner), canoes, lake boats, Adirondacks, Belgrade Lakes, and Thousand Islands skiffs.

And it is likely that this imagining has, in some strange and lingering way, become a question. Just what sort of boat best suits, our fan is thinking, his, or her, or the family's needs and budget.

And it matters. Maybe there's a creek in mind and visions of soft shell crabs for breakfast, a certain favorite of mine. What's the right boat? Well, try poling a lightly built, round bottomed livery skiff from the bow with a kid holding the flashlight on a full moon night with a falling tide. It may be the stuff of a family legend and simultaneously the end of an interest in traditional small craft. And no crabs. On the other hand, such a boat just might be the perfect boat for rowing the marsh lined channels of a small estuary. And it won't hurt if our new fan has discovered that the flat iron skiffs and the dories are often the simpler boats to build, work on and use, and easier to find, too.

And simpler does not mean they are not as useful as their more expensive cousins, the round bottoms. In more than a few cases, all the round bottoms do is row a little more easily. Though for me, the flatiron skiff in the right place, a fair-sized creek or protected river place, and a skiff with more or less decent rowing and sailing qualities, everything is a compromise, is something perfect.

Assuming curiosity, enthusiasm, and little excitement have done their job, and they will have, our fan is beginning to get the picture. He, or she, or maybe the whole family, knows they are entering an interesting and inspiring historical backwater, knows that these boats are an evolved affair, that they once fit their time and place and work so carefully, knows that their design took into consideration much, the shore line, the degree of protection, or lack of it, from open water, the prevailing wind, the task at hand.

Our fan, too, is discovering that quite often that old-time task nicely dovetails with modern day wants, that there's a right enough boat for the waterside places he, or she, admires. They know there is a boat out there for them, for sailing, fishing, rowing, crabbing, a warm day, a wandering adventure, a light chop, a nice breeze, new friends.

Take mine, a copy of the W.B. The original, the one in the Seaport Collection from which the lines for mine were taken, was built

by Lester Rowe. He was one of the New Haven sharpie builders, and when he wanted a skiff for his family to use in New Haven Harbor, a somewhat open yet well protected harbor with many creeks, he built a miniature sharpie, really a flatiron skiff made sharpie-like that could sail one or two-masted and would row. He knew it would work, not perfectly, but good enough. He knew his water and he knew what would fit, evolved local knowledge, honed and honed again in the face of Mother Nature's ways.

Here's the point, there are thousands of spots like New Haven harbor and its related creeks. And if you're in such a place and figure that much out, and like a flat bottom skiff, you've found your way in the world of traditional small craft. Now add a little trailer and a world of many possibilities begins to emerge. Simple as that.

But it gets interesting, and when it comes to boats, interests truly vary. There are right boats for folks and not-so-right boats for folks. Thankfully there is a large overlap so the choices are not anywhere near as complex as some might imagine. Most boats will do a variety of things well and some things better than others.

By now our fan is thinking "what boat," or if he, or she, has just jumped right in, it's the "what have I gotten myself into" phase.

For me it was the latter, but I was raised around skiffs and creeks and when I saw the boat I wanted, and it was affordable, I just jumped on it. The fellow selling the boat suggested I read the rigging information in Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*. I did, and read and re-read and read it again. I needed to learn how to rig a two-mast leg o'mutton rig if I was gonna sail that spring. But I knew the basic boat type and knew just where I was going to use the skiff.

But not everyone is so lucky. If our fan was born after 1950, it is doubtful if plank-on-frame skiffs are at all a part of his or her past and there's some investigating to be done. If our fan is interested in a traditional skiff and a maritime museum is not within a practical distance, there are a lot of traditional skiffs that are just not going to be seen. The same is true if there isn't a Traditional Small Craft chapter, or similar small craft group, or friend with an interest in these boats nearby. In these situations our fan has got to find a way around to what's missing.

This is where *Mystic Seaport Watercraft* shines. There are over 450 boats in it. Over 400 hundred pages with often two and three photos on a page. It is hard to do this book justice. It is a catalog of things gone from once common use. It pierces the veils of change and lost remembrance.

Let's start at the beginning, "Sailing Craft, Chapter One, Cat-Rigged," 61 entries. Admittedly this is a complex category. It breaks down this way: Beetle cats, Cape Cod cats, Woods Hole spritsail boats, Connecticut River dragboats, and so on, and we're but at the 21st page of a 60-page section. There is a richness here beyond what need be expected. The same holds true for "Rowing Craft, Chapter One, Flat-Bottomed," 28 entries. Just a few, Westport skiff replica, Noank sharpie skiff, Housatonic River tonging skiff. There is Culler's "Good Little Skiff," and this skiff is worth a moment's notice. At the first small craft workshop at Mystic in 1972, Gardner liked this boat, especially her "...simple in-

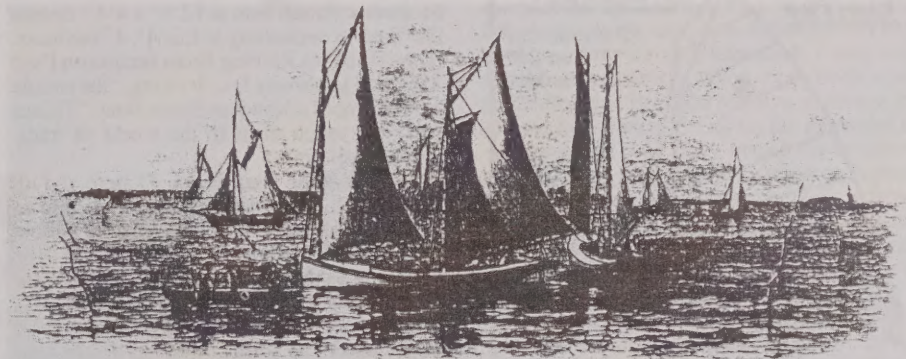
expensive construction that makes her especially attractive to the amateur builder." It's a favorite Mystic Seaport build, "...Barry Thomas and his John Gardner Boatshop crew built three for use by... their boat livery..."

Next come the dories (yes, they are classified as flat-bottomed and see Gardner for more on that, lots more), there are 14 here, Banks, Piscataqua River wherry, double-ended gunning dory from Marblehead, double-ended rowing dory from Nova Scotia, sailing dory by Chamberlain, to name but a few. Again, many photos. There's a dory for every possible sailing and rowing situation. Our fan is getting into things.

Quite often specific bays and rivers are listed, places where the skiffs were used, in the description of each boat. If our small craft

fan is near such a place, or a similar spot, the right boat for the right place might be at hand. And for each boat there is often, very often, a suggested Further Reading.

Then comes "Rowing Craft, Chapter Two Round-Bottomed." Here are the Whitehalls, John Gardner's *General Lafayette*, a copy of *American Star*, the pulling boat that beat the British pulling boat *Dart* in a New York harbor race in the winter of 1824 during Lafayette's visit to New York. *American Star* went home with Lafayette and was measured by Gardner there 147 years later, in 1971, and these measurements became his *General Lafayette*. The boat is in Mystic's collection and it usually sees daylight during the Mystic's John Gardner Small Craft Weekend.

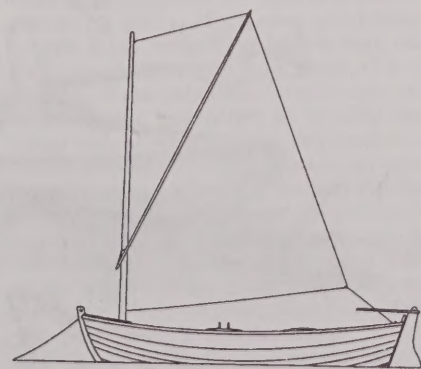


An engraving from Scribner's Monthly in 1878 shows sharpies working an oyster bed in western Long Island Sound.

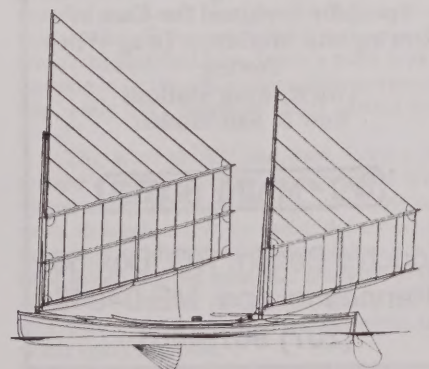


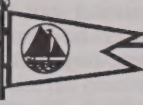
In his 1970 pamphlet, *A Good Little Skiff*, R.D. "Pete" Culler sketched the design and the pleasures of a simple, versatile watercraft.

The simple spritsail rig of a Newport Shore Boat.



Argonaut's sail plan, drawn by Robert C. Allyn.



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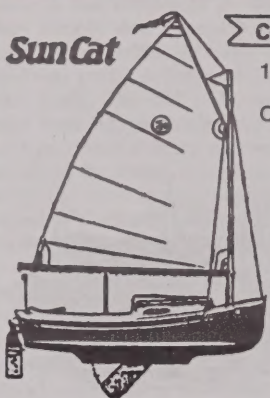
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There's a Thames River skiff, not Connecticut's, but England's.

And things go on. The Adirondack guideboats, four pages and nine photographs with, as usual, Further Reading suggestions, in this case three books and four articles. For one with an interest in these craft, this is a mighty start towards a knowledgeable appreciation of a sophisticated type.

There are waterfowl boats, shells, yacht tenders, and peapods, 13 peapods and 17 photographs, as a matter of fact. There are peapods from Deer Isle, Little Deer Isle, Vinal Haven, and North Haven. All a bit of a world of their own. Differences here, differences there.

There is the Yankee skiff, maybe a tad large at 22', the salmon wherry from Lincolnville, Maine at 13'4" x 4' 4", the Moosabec Reach boat at 12'8" x 4'4". Seems like there is something to this 4', 4" business. In the Fisheries Rowing Boats section on Page 253 there is a lovely line drawing, "the simple spritsail rig of a Newport Shore Boat." Things don't get much nicer in the world of traditional small craft.

Then come duck boats, 11 here and all sorts. Next, railbird skiffs, six boats and as many photographs. There is something about hunting boats, always a bit individualistic. The Cape Sable gunning skiff from Shelburne County, Nova Scotia on Page 276, though, seems many things, "...not as specialized for duck hunting as some... they served as near shore lobster skiffs... and harbor tenders... the forward seat is set up as a partner for a mast so that the user could carry a small spritsail..." Getting pretty multi-purpose here.

Although the steamboats might not be the cup of tea for our emerging fan, "Canoes, Chapter One, Paddling Canoes" just might fit. Between Pages 323 and 340 there are 16 craft, 18 photographs, and nine line drawings. An informative introductory essay sets the stage, and then it is on the qajaq, or kayak. There's the King Island qajaq and the King Island two-hole qajaq, or "...baidarkas as the Russians called them." Next the kayak-inspired decked canoe, Rob Roy type by Searle & Co., and again, as usual, a fine Further Reading list. There are two kayaks by Herreshoff, the decked canoe and the "Dugout" decked canoe. And there is Sprig, a decked canoe, dory type by Herreshoff and Tamm.

I like to think this last is a boat our emerging fan might desire, and perhaps a buildable one. And the parade goes on, Dugouts, three and all interesting and a must for sharpie fans. There are open canoes by a va-

riety of companies, Canadian Canoe., H.B. Arnold, Peterborough, and the Old Town Canoe Co. among others.

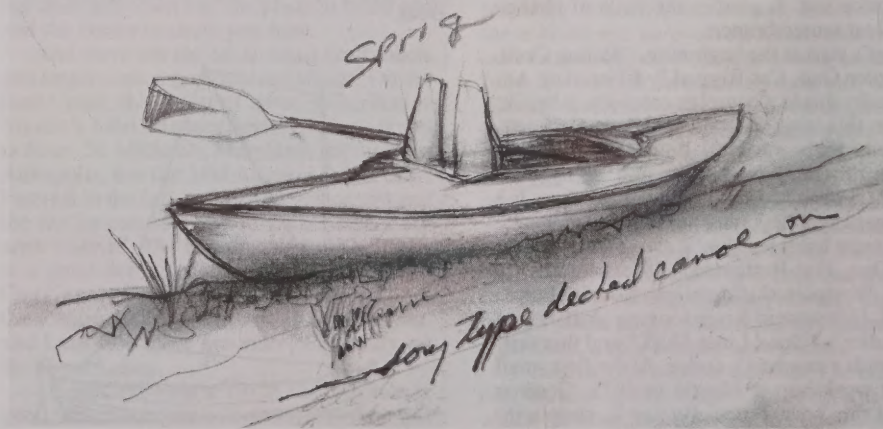
Next are the "Sailing Canoes," 12 canoes here. These are decked canoes, some sloop rigged, some two-mast rigged. All fast.

And to end with a few unusually interesting craft, "Chapter Three, Ketch Rigged, Working Ketches," the No-Man's Land boat, the Block Island cow horn reproduction, the double-ended Hampton boat, the square-sterned Hampton boat, the Bay of Fundy boat, the Kingston lobster boat and the New Haven sharpie are, one and all, not to be missed. There are boats from 15' to 35' here. There is a certain splendor in a two-mast rig on a small boat. There are some days when it doesn't hurt to have plenty of rigging and sails about, and the smaller of these boats will do that very, very nicely.

For the beginner with such an urge, try one like mine, the miniature New Haven sharpie with a two-mast rig. She's flat bottomed (a simpler hull in many, many ways) and ghosts along so nicely when two-mast rigged in the summer, and in the fall get a big enough crew aboard, find a neat little protected creek, a good stiff breeze, and let her scoot. And in between, take that two-mast rig down, rig her one-masted and teach a child to sail, or trawl for blues along some nicely protected river place, or crab, or have a picnic with the grandchildren. Bring their dad along, he'll probably remember when you took him on such an adventure. This kind of fun is long-lived. It is something, as Robb White might say, "joyful."

In closing, this book has always been one of my favorites. I'd see a boat somewhere, find out its type, and look for information about it here. But when it came time to write about the book, I didn't know what to say, so I went to see Peter Vermilya at Mystic Seaport and asked him where he thought its value lay. Well, lots of places. But one idea that seemed to reappear in our conversation was the notion of the book as a portal, a gateway, a way to find things. So I went home with that notion and it grew into this piece.

In so many, many ways these boats are gone and we must look to the museums and historical societies to keep their remembrance alive. The Further Reading sections, almost one for each boat, are so valuable. It is one thing to build, or buy, or rebuild a boat of this sort, but it is in their use that they live, enrich our time, and give us all a chance to pass them on. And I think I gotta build Sprig.





Here are some entries from my journal of the week I first met this group of canoe sailors at the annual Sugar Island Meet, a week of sailing and camping on an ACA owned island in the St Lawrence River:

Sunday AM, Riverside Acres Campground and RV Park, Clayton, New York: Soft breeze, a little cool for July. Today I sail across to Sugar Island. Will I be able to find it? Will it be too windy? My directions say the bearing for the island is 196 and the wind seems to be out of the east now. A lovely reach, if it holds. I think I'll be a different person this time tomorrow. I will have found out whether I can do what I am setting out to do, which is to put all the stuff I need for a week in the canoe and set sail. For at least two years I've been gathering information, assembling and refining my rig (on my old ABS 16' wooden gunwale canoe), learning to sail, and imagining going backpacking by paddle and sail. This is the first approximation.

Monday, Sugar Island, the Pavilion, about 11 AM, raining: Larry Zuk is measuring Marilyn Vogel's new C Class sail. He's the official measurer and it's a very precise process. I'm holding things occasionally, Elsie Mulihausen is reading, Bob Celifarco is pacing and declaring that the rain will stop for the afternoon race. There are two races a day, C class (55sf of sail) in the morning and ACA class (45sf) in the afternoons, when the wind is usually stronger. Larry is a 77-year-old spry little guy and an amazing storehouse of knowledge and experience. Yesterday evening when I met him he had already seen my boat on Canoe Beach and his next words

Sugar Island Journal

By Mary Kranz

after hello were, "Your leeboard's too short." He had drawn the plan for the ACA rig.

His boat is a very light kevlar Dragonfly and he doesn't use a rudder. "A real sailor doesn't need a rudder." So how do you steer? Three things, he says, sail, leeboard, and weight shifting. Holding the sail tight and leaning forward heads up into the wind, pushing the leeboard back falls off. To come about, lean forward directly into the wind, then use the rudder (or paddle), just a light touch. Don't start the turn with the rudder. It's not a steering wheel.

The sail over yesterday was a breeze (so to speak) once I finally got everything loaded and arranged and rearranged. I felt very much welcomed into this little group which has been getting together for races here and other places for years. Much easy good feeling among them, some have known each other 20 years. Ages ranged from about 45 to 83. Marilyn is the only other woman who races in this group. But there's no big deal about being male or female. Very comfortable.

There are only eight boats in our group, counting mine. What a collection of home-made inventions and ingenious problem solving. Five are decked to the max that the class allows (about a third in the bow and a third in the stern) and are pretty much only used for racing. Three are open, mine, Larry Zuk's, and Bob Halsey's, a cedar stripper he built and sails with a jib. No one else has rope rud-

der lines, not responsive enough for racing. A new boat is of interest in this small group and there are many comments on mine, compliments and suggestions for improvement. Jim Bowman built his as well as one of the others and brought a very helpful assortment of tools and hardware. Never leave home without the duct tape.

Tuesday: The rain did let up for the afternoon race yesterday and, although I said I wasn't ready to race, I was just here to watch and learn, they said, "Oh, come on, you gotta just be out there anyway." So I did and followed everyone across the start line and managed to get around three legs of the four leg course. Went out again for this morning's race and did officially complete the course, again way behind. My rudder popped off the pintles in the waves, I got it back on but had to use it more carefully. Marilyn says to drill a little hole in the pintle and use a diaper pin to keep it down, they are stainless steel. I was still finishing the course when everybody else headed in, but Bob and Marilyn came out to see me in. I finally got up on the gunwale! It was great, not even scary once I was up there.

Tuesday afternoon even windier. I opted out of racing and had a kayaking lesson from Chuck Sutherland. Impressed that I could be out in this much wind and feel like I could maneuver with so much more ease than in a canoe.

Wednesday: Showers off and on every day, rain all night. A chance to go lay down and read, a break from non-stop new stuff and new people. The Bowmans have a tarp up in front of their tent and we all cook under it when it's raining. My tent is dry and cozy. This morning was too windy for me to try to race so I just went out exploring near the island, but quickly gave it up because I couldn't control the boat. The rudder locked over and gusts blew me in circles. Yesterday the wind had at least been steady. When I came in I found others coming in saying the race had been cancelled because of the wind.

More kayaking with Chuck, getting ready for the all day kayaking trip on Friday, paddling into the wind (15 knots) and turning around to surf the waves off Hurricane Point where they are biggest. Chuck is exceedingly graceful in a kayak. With long, even strokes, he paddles like a heron flies. Love kayaking! Don't forget about sailing says Bob (I fill an important function here, being last). Don't worry, there's just nothing like an open canoe in the sparkling sunlight scooting along in the breeze.

Thursday: The last race was this morning, a make-up for the one cancelled, and it turned into another rout. Even windier, gustier. But Bob was close to winning the trophy, "All I have to do is get around the course," and Larry Haaf wouldn't give up no matter what. Bob capsized and took an assist which disqualified him, Larry's mast broke. Coming in on the rescue boat, Bob, irrepressible, calls out "Anybody want sailing lessons?"

The wind shifted and died down a bit toward evening. We had just finished with dinner up on Hurricane Ridge when the sun came through sideways under the clouds. I happened to glance out toward the water in time to see the old man and his wife in the cedar strip canoe, the jib and main filled, round the point in a silent golden glow, the water sparkling blue.



Hope passes us to starboard...



...and *Dawn* comes up to port.

Looking astern, an inspirational picture of classic sailboats.



Regatta 2002

By Greg Grundtisch

The Show & Regatta

Every year, the Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society hosts a Regatta, in 2002 held in Huron, Ohio in conjunction with the Great Lakes Wooden Boat Show. The Lyman Boat Owners Association sponsored this fine event. The show started with threatening skies, and eventually it began to rain. The rain stopped by Friday afternoon, but the race had to be rescheduled for Saturday. The turnout was still very good despite the constant threat of rain, and it did rain from time to time, but the show went on.

Along with live music all day and evening, there was a small art show, and a rib "barbecue burnoff", that featured the best ribs to be had anywhere. Rain ended the Friday festivities by 9pm, and Saturday morning came with more rain. The rain ended by late morning and the sun finally appeared. This meant the Regatta was on!

Seven boats went out in what could be described as perfect conditions. Winds of 12-15 knots, 4' swells, and partially sunny skies. The lovely and talented Naomi and I were invited aboard *Son Rise II*, a gorgeous Choy Lee Yawl owned by Vice Commodore George Voulemnous, and his bride, Lady Alyce. There were six of us onboard, and George gave us our instructions as we departed for the race course. Lady Alyce was given the bow to attend; Naomi attended the mizzen sheet, and Jim Bryan and Allen, at the jib sheets, our skipper George at the wheel. I was instructed to occasionally adjust the main sheet traveler, whatever that is.

After some wild maneuvering, the race began without any exchange of paint, or spilling of blood, and we were off and running, in the lead! We stayed in the lead for quite a while, but when *Hope* caught up and then passed us to starboard, my heart sank. I looked over to the port side, and gaining fast was *Dawn*, an Y 19, Yankee One design. She was built at the famous Quincy Adams Boat Yard, Quincy, Massachusetts in 1929.

Around the first marker *Son Rise II* gained quite a bit on *Hope* due to the skipper and crews superb sail handling skills. Lady Alyce cleared the big jib at the bow, Jim and Allen worked the jib sheet on a quick tack that turned *Son Rise II* in just about her own length. Naomi trimmed the mizzen, Jim fine tuned the jib, and I tripped over the main sheet traveler, as we all went to the high side for a beam reach to the final mark. *Son Rise II* seemed to find extra speed on this tack, but *Dawn* still kept up and eventually passed us.

She finished second to *Hope*. *Son Rise II* came over the line in third.

The other boats were battling it out together behind us, and I could not see clearly what was happening, or who was in the lead. I can say that looking astern was an inspirational picture of classic sailboats, with canvas full, rails awash, sailing for glory. As the competitors returned to port, finish times were registered and adjusted for length and class, by a formula that I have no knowledge of. The announcing of the winners came later at the steak dinner. Reverend Miller presided over the awards. I was pleasantly surprised that *Son Rise II* and her crew had won first place. I gained an instant appreciation for "adjusted time", whatever that is.

After the awards, there was time to look at the different boats, meet the owners, and have a mug up under the lee of the longboat. We got to meet some new people and learn more about their boats, and have a fine time. With one small exception.

There was a yawl named *Stinky Petral*, which took up the last available slip without paying the fee for the Regatta. It happened to be the slip of our own lovely *Lady of Lake Erie*, Ruthie Goetz. She is the heart and soul of the GLWSS. The lubber would not move, nor pay the fee, and Ruthie was hurt. She would not have a slip for her beloved *Tina*, a beautiful Concordia sloop. Seamus Donagain got wind of it and offered to remove the offender, by creative use of a sculling oar.

Ruthie, with class and dignity, decided to just let him stay. Kill him with kindness was the way she wanted to handle it. The party would continue on without incident. Seamus wanted to do the same, less the kindness, and had to be sedated and restrained by Dr. David Cain, the official medical advisor of the GLWSS. Seamus eventually calmed down and the ropes were taken off. He promised to behave, but offered to revisit the issue next year if the lubber tries it again.

Despite the occasional rain shower, the show and regatta went off well. This year's show will be held at the same location in Huron, Ohio on August 15 & 16. For more information about the Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, check out their web site at www.geocities.com/glwss, or write to the GLWSS at 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145. New members always welcome, and you do not need to own a boat to join.

A Brief Look at a Few Boats in Attendance

I thought you might be interested, and a little surprised, with some of the boats that make up the GLWSS.

For instance, the racing yacht *Hope*, owned by David and Patsy Colman, of Detroit, Michigan. *Hope* was built in 1929 in E. Boothbay, Maine, at the Hodgdon Brothers Yard, still in operation today building high end high-tech luxury yachts, of the seven figure variety. She is a Q class racing sloop and was John Alden's personal racing yacht, out of Marblehead, Massachusetts. *Hope* was one of the last built of a fleet of about 20.

The famous Olin Stevens (Sparkman & Stevens) sailed as young crew for her first two seasons. She is of the Universal Class



The *Son Rise II* crew, from left Lady Alyce, Allen, Capt. George, Tim Bryan, Naomi.



Bob Diak's *Starlight*.

(Herreshoff formula), similar to R class sloops that still race out of the Cleveland Yacht Club, but bigger. The International Class later replaced this design. *Hope's* design is closest to the 8 Meter Class.

Hope is all mahogany, double planked in some areas, over oak frames. LOA 50'; Beam 8.5'; Draft 7.25', LWL 30', displacement 24,000lbs.

She was moved to Chicago in the early 30s, and was the overall winner of the Chicago Macinac in 1936 and 1938. She fared well in other years, including multiple winner of the Queen's Cup. She lost three rigs in Mac races and is said to be on her fourth rig, with several design changes, but fundamentally the same. The Colmans have owned *Hope* since 1996, and she is birthed at the Detroit Yacht Club.

Then there is Bob Diak's *Starlight*, a raised deck sloop, custom built by Norm

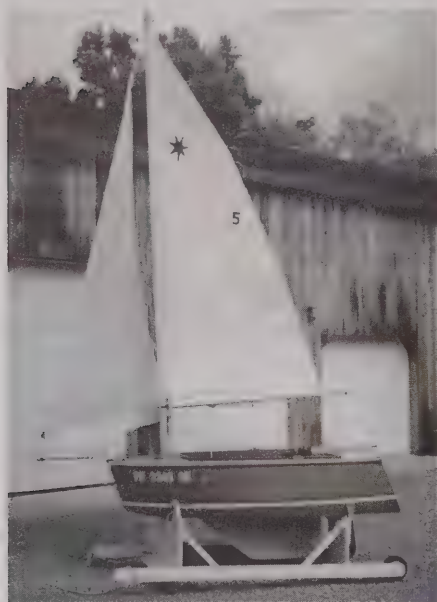
Philpott in Rocky River, Ohio in 1921. Bob has owned her for about 20 years, and has just finished a five year major rebuild, completed in 2001. Bob refastened the hull, replaced the transom, cabin, cockpit. He has also added 18" to the bowsprit, and rewired her.

Starlight has a very roomy cockpit, and the raised deck makes for a spacious cabin with bronze lamps and bright interior finish. She has some unique bronze fittings and features, such as a beer storage compartment with bronze cover, built into the starboard cockpit for easy access, and a beautiful bronze tiller comb, to mention only two. She has solid spars of spruce, a traditional gaff rig with running backstays, wooden mast hoops, and a head turning classic profile.

And then there is *A Little Dinghy*, a very unique custom survival dinghy, built by Eric Abranovich, of W. Middlesex, Pennsylvania.



A Little Dinghy...stored on the mother ship, rigged for sailing, and underway powered by electricity.



The Miller's *Linda-Jean*, those are red sails, folks, ala "Red sails in the sunset, far out on the sea..." (who recalls that tune?).



Eric built this tender to fit on deck and around the mast of *Pasula*, his Mason 26 sloop. Homeport is Ashtabula, Ohio. Her dimensions are, 7'8" length, 4'4" beam, and 22" draft near the transom. She has a 1,000lb capacity! In the transom cutaway, there is a 40lb thrust electric motor. A *Little Dinghy* can also take a 20hp outboard for heart pounding excitement. She has a sloop rig with a small keel for sailing, and a set oars when all else fails.

There are two watertight compartments in the transoms (three cubic feet), for food and emergency gear. There is additional storage under the sides, foredecks, and under the floor grates in the cockpit. Eric built her of 1/4" mahogany ply, (bottom, sides, and deck). Transoms and bow, wild cherry, keelson & stringers of mahogany, transom and knee braces of walnut, cedar ribs, fir and redwood floor and grating, and an oak toe rail. She is fastened with glue and silicone bronze nails, sides and bottom have two coats of epoxy, finished bright.

Lastly, but certainly not least, the new 2002 Skipjack *Linda Jean*, built by Reverend Lynn Miller and his wife Linda. This is the Calico Jack design by Joe Gregory. The plans are from *WoodenBoat* #74. Reverend Miller used the beg, borrow, and steal method in securing the materials for this fine vessel. (No, he really didn't steal anything). He did recycle, and found some creative and resourceful ways to minimize the costs of building this pretty little skipjack.

In his own words, "A friend had given me a 100 year old corn crib that I took apart and put back up as a 20' x 30' boat barn. When I was done with the barn I discovered that I hadn't used any of the grain bins planking, (pitch pine in 1" x 8" x 16" shiplap boards). And the longer I looked at that pile of boards the more they looked like boat planking. 'Some of the frames are of white oak from the corn crib, but most are pressure treated yellow pine from a torn down swimming pool, (more free wood)'".

The mast is hollow, made of fir floorboards, and assembled using the "birds mouth" method. The boom was made of two fir 2" x 6"s. Wild cherry was used for the cabin sides, from a tree in his backyard that got toppled in a winter storm. He sawed it into boards, and the rest went into the fireplace. Warped pressure treated 4" x 4"s were purchased from the lumber yard for less than half price, and used for centerboard trunk logs, eliminating the need to steam bend anything other than the mast hoops, made of elm. Fastenings are glue, epoxy, and deck screws.

The sails are bright red, Sailrite kits from Columbia City, Indiana. Linda Miller set her old Singer machine into the barn floor, making a temporary sail loft. Except for the cherry cabin, *Linda Jean* has a traditional painted workboat finish, typical of the skipjacks of the Chesapeake, except gray was used for the hull instead of white. Red sails, gray hull? The colors of the victorious Ohio State Buckeyes! You really need to be from Ohio, to fully appreciate the color choice. The Millers trailer their boat on a burned out camping trailer they repaired and customized for *Linda Jean*.

These are just a sampling from the many types of vessels that make up the Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society fleet.

If Puerto Escondido, about 15 miles south of Loreto, is the best hurricane hole on the coast, then the boat launch ramp must be the best of its sort, too, deep, steep, and long. I've used it at fairly low tides without trouble.

At high tide I saw a Hobie 33 launch smoothly. The ramp is just one small part of what must be millions of dollars of development started and stopped about 14 years ago. A French firm obtained the property and permits for a major resort, harbor, and housing development, put in electricity, water, streets, sidewalks, lighting, the sea wall for the future marina, and started on some condominiums, hotels, and the harbor master's office. Then they went broke. Fourteen years later there is a rumor that the Mexican agency Fonatur may be resuming construction of the marina and the hotel next spring. For now they have two full time employees guarding the water supply (good, tasty potable water) and the parking area around the boat launch ramp. The parking area is fenced and gated, though not to very high standards, but I left truck and trailer there under the watchful eye of the guards for three weeks, more or less, and all was very secure.

I spent a couple of hours rigging the boat, checking everything again, inflating the dinghy (a Sea Eagle 330 inflatable canoe), launching, locking the truck, rigging the rudder (first time for the new rudder built specially for the trip, and it actually fit well) and cranking down the center plate. Finally ready by mid-afternoon. The tide was ebbing fairly well at the time. Escondido has a very narrow entrance channel and the tide runs in and out of the main harbor quite briskly. In this case it was forcing me hard up against the hard black rubber fenders on the concrete seawall. The exit was not entirely graceful, but the little 6 horse pulled her away easily enough and we squirted out through the entrance channel, past the large (cruise ship) dock and out to the "Waiting Room".

The "Waiting Room" is actually another very good anchorage outside of the entrance channel with room for probably a dozen boats, though only four were there as I approached. I motored over to look for a slot for us but the breeze was calling, so I passed through the fleet without touching the anchor and motored out into the open. After all, I'd just driven 2,050 miles, filled out pages of forms and sailed all over town getting permission to sail, why just anchor up? With room around I shut down the motor, got the main and the working jib on her and ghosted through the wind shadow of the high point south of the harbor. The working jib is a high cut 110% (laps the mast a little bit) jib that turned out to be the workhorse for the trip.

Out from under the mountainside we found a good NW breeze of 15 to 20 stirring up surprising whitecaps (I later heard this was the tail end of a four day blow, so the size of the rollers in the channel should not have been surprising. I just didn't know it had been blowing four days at the time). In the open I could make out the upper end of Isla Danzante and generally headed for where the harbor is supposed to lie on the northwest corner. I could just lay the north end of the island close hauled on port tack and the boat surged delightfully into the chop. Within fifteen minutes I was hove to pulling down the first reef. Definitely a good breeze out in the channel. The crossing was a delight in the afternoon

The Seagull's First Trip To Baja

A true story of a long drive &
some fun sailing from Seattle to
Seattle by way of Puerto
Escondido and La Paz, Baja
California Sur, January 13 -
February 15, 2002

By Ken Preston

Part 3: Launching at Puerto Escondido

sunshine, though the spray flying over the cabin top had me in my rain jacket as soon as the reef was tied down.

Even having detailed charts of the area I wasn't sure exactly where the entrance to Honeymoon Cove was at first and closed the island near the northern tip. The shape of the cliffs and the gravel bar joining them almost convinced me that was the entrance and I stood in quite close and hove to. Study with the glasses convinced me I was about to sail the boat onto the beach. Let her fill again off-shore, turned, ran off downwind a short ways and saw the real entrance opening close on my left. The chart showed a rock off the entrance point though nothing was breaking that I could see, but I gave the point a lot of room before beginning to beat up into the bay.

The \$10 dollar seats (the little cove tucked tight up inside the entrance) held a 27' motorboat, the *Con Limon*. The upper end of the main bight held a large trimaran and a beautiful wood sloop 40' long. The best choice for me seemed to be up close to the rocky outcrop cliff between the little cove and the larger bight, so I beat up, close tacking in the smooth water and brisk breeze until I was quite close to the cliff, hove to, ran forward and lowered the anchor and 30' of chain overside. No bottom. Another 10'. No bottom. Hauled it all up on deck, decided to try anchoring behind the two larger sailboats up close to the gravelly-cobbly beach. Found bottom in about 20' really close to the beach and paid out about 100' of scope.

Got the sails off her and checked the anchor, which could be clearly felt bumping over rocks as she dragged slowly downwind. Suddenly she found a rock she liked or a bit of sand and seemed to hold. I stood by for another few minutes, putting on the sail covers, tying off halyards and then, convinced she was holding, responded to two separate invitations to turn up for dinner on the trimaran. Dinner was delightful, fresh caught yellowtail fried in bread crumbs and olive oil (Rob, the trimaran's skipper caught and

cooked the fish) pasta and salad. Goodness. Conversation (they were all tickled that I'd launched and sailed straight away the same afternoon), red wine and Mexican beer (with of course, Mexican limes).

As the sun set we all just scrunched deeper in the cockpit and talked the evening away. The party was: Rob on the trimaran (from Lake Tahoe, about half time now), Mike and Debby from the big wood sloop and Winston and Renee from the little motor sport fishing boat. All had been here before, mostly for many seasons. All told a grand welcome to the country. After dinner Mike and Debby left for Escondido, motoring out into the chop and the rest of us settled down to sleep.

Or rather, I did. I guess the rest of the bay was pretty busy all night. Winston woke up to find the wind had shifted a little and his stern anchor wasn't keeping the *Con Limon* away from the rocks on either side of the picture book cove, so he woke up Renee and they shifted around to the deep water anchorage behind Rob's tri. While they sat to check if they were dragging or not it became obvious that yes they were holding just fine, but the trimaran was dragging down on top of them. They let out more scope and waited on results. Rob on the tri meanwhile woke up sensing he was dragging and shifted alittle upwind and to the west, tried again and clearly felt his anchor hook on a good rock, or so they told me in the morning. I slept through the whole thing and was totally amazed to see the changes in the arrangements around me as daylight came.

By noon everyone had left and I was alone in the cove. The wind outside was just dandy and fair for a run to my next stop, but there were things aboard I wanted to continue tidying up and I dearly wanted a run ashore. So the day passed at anchor, chores got done and a grand walk ashore showed me the real shape of the whole north end of the island. By evening I was more than ready to sail for the south.

In the early morning hours I woke to a strange sound, sort of a "whoof-whoof-whoof-kersplash" sort of thing. Poking my head out the hatch I was amazed at the stars, the large moon of last night had set and the stars came right to the mountaintops all around and there were more of them than I'd ever seen before. The strange sound was a pair of pelicans fishing in the luminescent bay. Little fish streaking under the surface and leaping along the top left long trails of glowing green and white, but the pelicans, launching themselves in short takeoff runs (three good "whoofs") and immediately plunging into the schools of fish set up enormous flashes of cold light. I watched for half an hour at least, then crawled, shivering, back in the bunk to doze until daylight.

(To Be Continued)



Prestige

The story of the sinking of this 26-year-old single-hulled tanker carrying 77,000 tonnes of heavy oil is simple. Its crew felt an impact and the tanker listed due to a split in its hull off the Spanish coast that dumped oil from two tanks. Spain denied the *Prestige* a port of refuge in which to repair the relatively minor damage and offload the remainder of its cargo, the ship was ordered out to sea and was towed there by two tugs after many attempts to get tow lines aboard. It encountered bad weather in the next several days and (as predicted by the salvage firm Smit and ABS) it eventually broke in half and sank near the edge of the 200-mile zone, taking with it most of its cargo.

But perhaps 10,000 tonnes were released by the breakup and soon drifted ashore on the Spanish coast, causing a massive shore cleanup as well as an at-sea oil retrieval effort by a fleet of oil-recovery vessels from several European nations. Inspection of the sunken vessel by the French submarine *Nautilus* revealed some leakage (perhaps as much as 125 tonnes per day) from cracks and vents. Cause of the initial hull failure is under investigation by ABS, surveyor of the 26-year-old ship, but the impact from a breaking wave or a log (200 were known to be floating in the general area) or a bad batch of the steel used in recent repair work are the suspects. The vessel is classed by ABS and underwent an extensive Special Class Survey in May 2001 and some steel was replaced plus an Annual Survey this May.

European politicians quickly went into the silly mode. Spain and Britain rowed over whether Gibraltar was a destination port or not. Spain and Portugal wanted to move shipping lanes farther from their coasts. France and Spain denied use of their waters to older tankers carrying heavy oil. The European Commission soon followed suit and also invited its members to adopt measures that would permit coastal states to control and possibly limit traffic of vessels carrying dangerous and possibly polluting cargoes within 200 miles of their shores. Several single-hull tankers, although OK'd by their respective survey bureaus or state officials, were ordered away from or out of European waters, reportedly even those tankers carrying clean products. Portugal wanted Spain to join it in exploring ways to prevent such wrecks. And so on.

On the other side, the International Salvage Union called for the port-of-refuge issue to be settled once and for all and urged governments to stop knee-jerk reactions and adopt the British model of appointing a single governmental official with full decision-making powers who works in conjunction with the salvage master. Intertanko protested the detention of the *Prestige's* master (on 3 million Euros bail), which was keeping him from liaising with the owners and having interviews with flag state inspectors and others with legal obligations to interview him. Smit blasted the Spanish government for not providing it with a port of refuge. Many experts agreed that the government's denial of a port of refuge was a primary factor in the massive oil spill. Smit soon announced a plan to retrieve the oil from the sunken tanker. And so on.

A newsletter recently pointed out that there has been a long-standing conflict be-

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

tween freedom of the seas (*Mare Librum*) and coastal state control of the seas (*Mare Clausum*), with freedom of the seas predominating since the early 1600s. As the newsletter put it, the recent irresponsible over-reaction to the regrettable oil spill will, if successful, soon prove counter-productive as other nations, with their own concerns, start attempting to control sea and air traffic far from their borders. The world learned the folly of such attempts to exercise local control offshore when international commerce was still in its infancy. Thank you, Dennis Bryant of Haight Gardner Holland & Knight, for those wise words.

Tankers

There are about 7,320 seagoing tankers (including chemical tankers) in the world, of which 5,243 are single-hulled and some of which are less than 10 years old. US flagged single-hulled petroleum carrying tankers and barges will be phased out by 2005 and all single-hulled petroleum carrying tankers elsewhere will be phased out by 2015. Since less than 500 tankers will be built in the next two or three years, it will take many years to replace the single-hulled vessels. Yet European politicians are ignoring these realities in demanding use of only double-hulled vessels. And the oil giants, such as Shell, BP, and ExxonMobil, are still chartering older single-hulled vessels of ages similar to the *Prestige*, reportedly only after rigorous safety checks and reviews of maintenance standards. Will they willingly shift to higher-priced charters of the scarce double-hulled tankers?

In the US, OPA 90 will cause scrapping of 12 product tankers (about 25% of the US fleet) of almost 500,000 dwt and over 50 ocean-going tank barges of over 5,000 gross tons (about 45% of the US fleet) with a capacity of over 1,000,000 dwt. These vessels must be replaced with similar or increased capacity. A leading New York shipbroker has suggested that governments encourage shipowners to scrap their pre-1980 built single-hull tankers by offering them the estimated demolition value of the ships. Thus shipowners would receive twice the scrap value of a ship, once for selecting it for scrapping and once from the scrapper. The firm estimates that 233 vessels qualify and the cost would be \$800 million, far less than the cleanup cost from an oil spill such as that from the *Prestige*.

Other Wrecks and Salvage

Titan Maritime is patching a decrepit drydock that recently went adrift in San Francisco Bay and was beached by tugs. The firm is also salvaging a T-2 tanker now used in the lower Mississippi River to transfer grain from river barges on one side to deep-water vessels on the other side. It sank in 70' of water. Titan will cut the hull in half and pull each half up and onto a large barge sunken at one end, much like a ramp truck. The barge will then be pumped dry.

Smit Salvage continues work on the wreck of the Italian container ship *Jolly Rubino*, on the beach in South Africa and a

total loss. A helicopter carrying 17 salvage workers crashed on the wreck's deck, seriously hurting six. Smit also received a LOF SCOPIC 2000 contract to help the burning Panamanian flagged gas tanker *Gaz Poem*, afire off Hong Kong. The crew anchored the burning vessel before evacuating the ship. Chinese official feared the ship's cargo of 20,000 tonnes of liquefied natural gas might explode. No casualties, no explosion, the fire is out.

The car carrier *Hual Europe* was driven ashore on a Japanese island by a typhoon and caught fire, totaling it and some 3600 automobiles. Several local families were evacuated for a while because of smoke. The ship broke in half and the its superstructure was burned away down to the tank tops except at the extreme ends of the vessel. Some oil leaked out.

Wisjmulder Salvage got the job of salvaging the South Korean container ship *Hanjin Pennsylvania* after an explosion and fire in hold No. 3 threatened nearly 60 deck containers carrying fireworks to Europe. The blaze spent a towering cloud of smoke and fire several hundred feet into the air. The 4,400-TEU *Hanjin Pennsylvania* was commissioned in March 2002.

Three freighters collided at Rotterdam, leaving the tanker *Hellenic Star* and container ship *West Express* relatively undamaged but the container feeder ship *Western Trader* badly holed. For the second time this year, a gaggle of Kotug and Smit tugs used the technique of pinning a stricken ship against the river bank until floating cranes and a sheer leg crane could stabilize the vessel for unloading into barges.

Repairs at Montevideo of the British research ship *James Clark Ross* had to await air shipment of special "E" grade steel plate from the States. The ship was rammed by a tanker while at the Falkland Islands readying for a summer of resupplying British Antarctic bases.

Ferries

Off Orient Point, NY, a 65' tractor trailer rig rolled off the ferry *Susan Ann*. The body of the driver was recovered. In Kenya, a small passenger ferry crossing Lake Victoria struck the wreck of another vessel and capsized. A dozen passengers swam to shore but at least nine died.

But not all ferry stories this month are tragedies. The new-built ferry *Danielle Casanova* was sent back to the yard in Italy when operator SNCM claimed to have found 1,700 minor defects and deficiencies. And the Philippine ferry *Wyona* had a fire but all passengers were safely transferred to another ferry. The *Wyona* is owned by the same company that owned the ferry *Maria Carmel*, which caught fire and killed about 100 passengers in April.

Navies and Coast Guards

US Navy ships are colliding with other vessels. The *USS Paul Hamilton* (DDG 60) hit an Iranian vessel with no injuries and relatively little damage to either vessel. But the Norwegian gas tanker *Norman Lady* suffered severe damage when the ascending nuclear attack submarine *USS Oklahoma City* struck from beneath in an accident eerily reminiscent of the *USS Greenville's* collision with the Japanese training vessel *Ehime Maru* last

year off Hawaii. That accident killed nine Japanese. No injuries this time. However, the tanker's owners are suing the Sixth Fleet.

Vessels of the Canadian Coast Guard in Newfoundland were ordered to stay docked unless needed. The fuel budget may not withstand much vessel operation.

The Indian Coast Guard had its hands full in the Bay of Bengal after a typhoon sank at least four fishing vessels and left 63 trawlers with 630 persons on board missing. Indian Navy personnel have been waiting for months in chilly northern Russia for transfer of three state-of-the-art stealth Krivak III-class frigates. They had been told the ships were ready but problems arose after arrival of the personnel.

The New Zealand Navy will be getting several patrol vessels plus a multi-role vessel capable of carrying a company of soldiers and their equipment as soon as bids from six shipbuilding consortia are evaluated. The bids came from Europe, Asia, Australia, and the UK.

In Cadiz, strong winds are blamed for the collapse of a shipyard crane, killing two marines and seriously injuring another, on the Spanish aircraft carrier *Principes de Asturias*, in for maintenance.

HMS Nottingham arrived in the UK from Australia aboard the heavy lift ship *Swan* and will undergo repairs costing some £26 million of damages suffered when it ran afoul of a rock off Lord Howe Island in the Tasman Sea.

Cruise Ships

The Norwalk-like virus or something similar has hit the cruise ships *Rhyndam*, *Amsterdam*, *Magic*, *Oceana*, and *Fascination*, leaving hundreds of trippers and crew with stomach pains, vomiting, diarrhea, and other problems that spoiled life for up to two days. Several voyages were cancelled while the ships were scrubbed from top to bottom, sometimes for the second time. As one executive bragged, "We now have the cleanest ship in the world." The Centers for Disease Control noted that the incidence of gastrointestinal illnesses is down from the 1990, but lawyers are suing anyhow.

The four-masted French luxury sailing ship *Wind Song* caught fire in Tahitian waters and all 127 passengers were safely evacuated. The cruise ship is a total constructive loss.

The new-built cruise ship *Coral Princess* suffered a complete power failure while on sea trials off Brittany and drifted for several hours before anchoring. The ship was delivered to P&O Princess Cruises somewhat late.

Carnival's *Holiday* ran onto a sandbank off Playa del Camen and its passengers were debarked in Mexico and sent home. The next cruise was cancelled. The ship is now afloat without damages.

The hull of the *Project America* cruise ship, originally intended for cruising around Hawaii, was towed from Mississippi to Europe by the tug *Abeille Normand*, possibly for scrapping, more probably for completion since Norwegian Cruise Lines now owns the hull.

The super-super liners *Queen Mary 2* and *Splendour of the Seas* are among 11 cruise ships that have been chartered as hotels for the 2004 Olympics at Athens.

Luxury condos on *The World* are not selling as well as expected and 25% of the \$2.2 to 7.5 million apartments are still available. Now one can even rent a condo for a night starting at a mere \$225. That includes meals, tips, and everything else.

Pollution and Punishment

Modern truck engines emit one-eighth of the emissions of 10 years ago and by 2007 the production of virtually all particulate and nitrogen oxides will be eliminated. Many marine diesel engines are based on truck engines.

The North Korean freighter *Chil Song* ran aground near a breakwater protecting a fishing village north of Tokyo and leaked some oil. The ship was carrying used tire strips.

The wreck of the German cruiser *Blucher*, sunk in Norway in World War II, has cracked open and might start leaking oil. On a larger scale, one environmental group feared a thousand WW II warship wrecks in the Pacific might start leaking oil. Interestingly, it expressed no concern, however, about Pacific wartime merchant ship sinkings or, indeed, sinkings anywhere in the world except, strangely enough, those in the Mediterranean and off the state of California.

Violators of the Texas Water Code may find themselves handcuffed and taken to jail according to a new policy in that state. First to be so arrested was the environmental manager of Bollinger Shipbuilding and Repair facility for that firm's befouling of the Houston Ship Channel. Speedboats and helicopters are being used to catch the criminals before they can stop polluting.

The UK government announced that discharges from vessels and offshore oil and gas structures dropped 8.7% in the last year, with the structures responsible for 71% of the 678 discharges.

Odd Bits

The European Commission has created a blacklist, effective at the start of 2003, of substandard ships. The 66 vessels on the list have been detained by a Port State Control on at least two occasions within the last 24 months.

When a Somali ship lost power in the Gulf of Aden and needed help, a Spanish frigate took off 93 people and found three bodies out of the 150 people the master claimed had boarded. He and the crew were arrested on suspicion of killing at least 60 people. Some survivors say the vessel may have been carrying as many as 200 people.

Russia will start charging shipping companies for assistance from government icebreakers.

Shipbuilding overcapacity, now at 15%, could double to 30% in the next two years, warns the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development.

The Discovery Channel will make a documentary about a Japanese midget submarine recently discovered off Hawaii. It was one of six subs sent by the Japanese against the US fleet at Pearl Harbor but was sunk by the destroyer USS *Ward* as the first casualty of the Pacific war.

Recent vessel losses such as *Hanjin Pennsylvania* (fire), *Hual Europe* (stranding and fire), *Jolly Rubino* (stranding), *Prestige* (sinking and oil spill), *Diamond Princess*

(shipyard fire), and *Norman Lady* (collision with US submarine) mean that the global marine insurance business will not make a profit this year.

What is hoped to be the world's fastest megayacht is designed to go over 70 mph (about 130 km/h) and may beat an unofficial record held by Juan Carlos, King of Spain, with his 41 metre yacht. The 43 metre vessel is luxurious, not a stripped racing machine.

A British Columbia diving club hopes to sink a Boeing 737 in Howe Sound as an artificial reef. (How long does aircraft aluminum last in seawater?).

Two sudden drops in the New Zealand sea level during July are puzzling scientists. Negative storm surges from large Southern Ocean storms may be the cause. The phenomenon can happen in perfect New Zealand weather.

The Supreme Court left it up to the states to decide whether outboard engines need propeller guards, deciding that state tort laws are not pre-empted by the national standards set by the Coast Guard.

A Finnish firm is using its Azipod drives to propel a ship forward in open seas and, when reversed, to progress in ice stern-first. The podded drives are also used on several icebreakers, including the USCGC *Mackinaw* now under construction for the US Coast Guard.

The world's largest tanker, the 1979 built 564,763 dwt *Jahr Viking*, is approaching the end of its useful life and may be converted into a FPSO (floating production, storage, offloading) vessel.

Headshakers

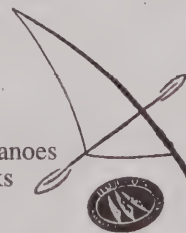
The Indonesian government is really concerned about dredgers illegally removing Indonesian sand for use at Singapore. So far two of seven dredgers have been released, but only after paying fines equal to 15% of their value. As a result of the dredger shortage, a major contractor has pulled out of a major Singapore reclamation project.

An Oregon jury found the owners of the Japanese log carrier *New Carissa* guilty of negligent trespass for allowing the ship to go aground on an Oregon beach in February, 1999, and awarded the state \$25 million as payment for removing the stern section still imbedded in the beach.

Australian Greens are concerned that the visit to Hobart of an American aircraft carrier would expose the state to terrorist actions. Green Party leader Peg Putt denied, however, that she was an alarmist.

SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
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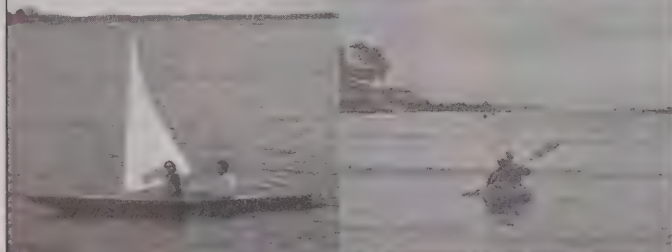
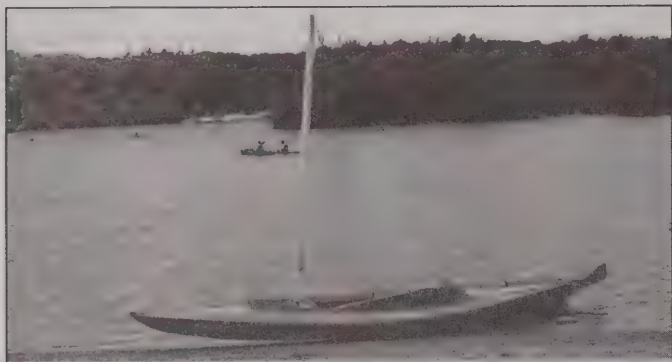
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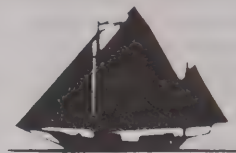
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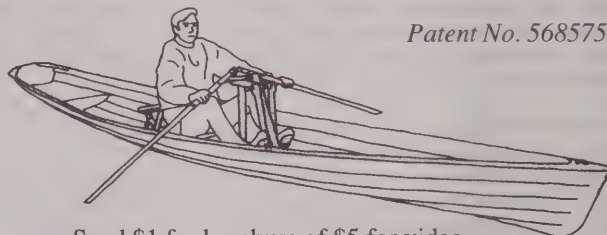
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I think I will always have this scene in my memory. It was not unusual at that time of my life, for I worked for years on the Great Lakes iron ore steamboats, working mostly on deck and some in the firehold. I was sailing as Third Mate and "First Class Pilot, all tons, between Duluth, Gary, and Buffalo, and connecting and tributary waters" when I left the service many years ago.

The scene: Typically, it was a summer night. I remember myself standing by on the forecable, probably leaning on the rail as we slowly worked our way up the crooked Cuyahoga River in an ore boat, say about 600' long with about 10,000 tons of ore for the Central Furnace upper dock. We were easing through the B&O RR bridge piers, slowly starting our turn to the right to make our way through the Big Four RR bridge. The red and green Great Lakes Towing Co. tug, with its big black stack sporting a white block capitol "G," is lying alongside our starboard bow with our towline made fast to her bow, being dragged along like a log.

I can still hear sounds of escaping steam, the clank of her pumps, the shuffling clink of

Memories of a Working Tugboat

By Bob Halsey

her rudder chains working in their guides, the scrape of a shovel, and the bang of her firebox door. As our stern cleared the B&O bridge pilings, I heard the two whistle "Astern" signal come up from deep inside the engine room of the tug, "easy like" it sounds. A gentle "huff puff" arose from her exhaust stack. A rush of water swept forward between the hulls as the big propeller of the tug turned in reverse.

The ship was not swinging yet and moving ahead too fast. Sooo, toot, toot, toot, toot, the working whistle sounded in the tug's innards and the exhaust took on a steady purposeful increased tempo, "chuff, chuff, chuff." The manila towline creaked and the tug swung away a little as the tension increased. Still we were moving ahead too fast. The tug captain appeared in the pilot house doorway, looked at our stern, and ducked back inside,

The working whistle in the tug again spoke, this time peremptorily, a long signal snapped off and three sharp toots. The bark of the exhaust increased in power and tempo. Black smoke poured up as the fireman tried to maintain steam pressure. Then the exhaust tone dropped several notes and took on a hollow sound as steam was exhausted up the stack to increase the draft over the fires. Red hot sparks mixed with grey steam and black smoke shot out her stack and settled down around us in a rain of cinders. The sound of power seemed to engulf me. The whole tug trembled and jerked, The chain stays of her stack vibrated in time with the beat of her exhaust, the muddy water rushed and surged forward.

Finally, the ship slowly started her swing to the right. As she came around the working whistle sounded once, pause, then once again, and quiet reigned. The tug stopped, then moved ahead slowly. The deckhand took the towline off the forward bits and walked it aft. He secured the line to the aft towing bits as the tug went out ahead, leading the way again through the Big Four bridge.

In a previous article of mine which you published I rated boat handlers according to their incompetence. The sailors and fishermen came out somewhat better than the houseboat cruiser types. I haven't had a whole lot of bad experience with fishermen in recent years. As a boy and young man I lived to fish. One day I came to realize that I liked fishing because I enjoyed the boat ride.

All the years I worked at the lock I can't remember having a bad experience with a serious fisherman. Actually, I rarely locked them through. Most would launch in the same pool they planned to fish. It seemed to work that way in my part of the river.

Most of my encounters with this breed has been at the launch ramps. Most have been good. Most of the fishermen get their boats off and on the trailer with a minimum of fuss. I suspect that they resent as much as I the ramp hog who takes half the morning to get his boat afloat.

I believe that most fishermen never thought to practice like I recommend, but many spend enough time in their boats that they get pretty good.

Sailors are a different animal. They come in two types. There are the racers and there are cruisers. They rarely interbreed.

Fishermen & Sailors

By Mississippi Bob

When I was a young man I was for a while a racing sailor. I outgrew it. I feel that I can understand the breed because for a couple of years I was a part of a Sunfish fleet. I raced on Wednesday evening and Sunday mornings every chance I could. I got fairly good at it.

I was told by some of the folks who joined our group from elsewhere that when the protest meeting got to be longer than the race it was time to quit. We got some new members that acted like they were after the America's Cup. Shortly after that I quit racing.

I still sail some, but I got so busy designing and building canoes that I don't have time to sail much.

After I retired I got a job working at a sailboat shop. This job often got me out to the lakes with our local racing fleets. I got a refresher course in sailboat racing. I did some sailing tests some of our "improvements" that we made to customers' boats.

After a few years there I moved on to a yacht brokerage that sold the larger boats, up to 38'. I began to see more of the cruising sailors. I did a lot of my work at this job at the harbors as it was much easier to move me

to the boat than to move the boat to me. I got to know many of the cruising sailors and came to realize that most of them put very much faith in their engines to move the boats.

Lake Pepin is a wide spot in the Mississippi river. This lake is about 35 miles long and three to four miles wide. On a summer Saturday or Sunday afternoon the lake is swarming with fair-sized sailboats all going this way and that.

I love Lake Pepin, it is one of my favorite playgrounds, and a great place for sea kayaking. At about 4:30 in the afternoon a strange thing happens in the sailing fleet. All of the mains come down, the jennys get rolled up and the motors start. It seems that someone sent a signal that it was time to motor back from wherever in the lake they were at 4:30.

I have made several sailboat deliveries in the last few years. I have motored several thousand miles on these trips and sailed only when the conditions were perfect.

Last summer I spent an enjoyable evening at the clubhouse at Castleton on the Hudson in upstate New York. The dockmaster was buying our drinks. The subject came up about motoring about in sailboats.

The bartender had a motorboat and the dockmaster lived aboard a large Hunter sailboat. My skipper and his wife and the dockmaster were all trying to justify the engine use. I just sat on my stool and drank my beer and kept my mouth shut.

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BY R.M. "Chinatown Mike" SCAGLIOTTI
 episode 7
 Lumber, lead & lunacy

Summer arrived, and so did Fame's two main raw materials.



I told my wife we cut down the charter oak—you know the one on the quarter? One was a truckload of white oak lumber. The other...

When I decided to take on a cadet, I said to 'im, You know what a fair line looks like? Good, cuz this Herreschoff's been sittin' around n' she's missing a keel....



So Aaron Angus "bos'n" the cadet Snider, age 22 began his basic training.



There were other big changes around the yard that summer...

"Rule One: Don't be stupid!!!!!"
 "Rule Two: Due to the varying nature of tasks around a boat yard, any & all employees may be told at any time to go clammimg?!"



... and the first official gesture to keep out certain gawkers.

Harold, you sure this is what you want on the sign? yep.



Andy rented a "ditch witch" to lay an umbilical cord of electrical wires underground from the barn to the main house.



And in the meantime, we all helped Paul work on the Bald Eagle...



Then one day, a 1500 lb. hunk of lead appeared.



And we finished the summer's work and waited.

Look Honey, there's a tear in your pants!



On Labor Day, Cap'n Mike held a keel laying ceremony at the yard and the adjacent Essex Shipbuilding Museum.

...and Stanley Dulong will do the rigging, Bruce Fortier will do the metalwork, Tony Chapwick saw the lumber, Erik Romberg helped with the design, Bob B...



In August Harold & I drove downeast to buy 9000 screws for Harold's planks, off of the guy who built the Leavitt.2



A week later, the job had begun.



1- His barracks were an old Gloucester fishing smack (also missing a keel) sitting in John Drake's backyard. His daily reveille was a 3 AM banging on the side of the hull from Harold. 2- The John F. Leavitt was a replica "coaster." On her maiden voyage, laden with cargo, she sailed into a storm and was abandoned & sunk.



"Sailing on *Butcher Boy* is like going for a sail in a Winslow Homer painting, it's like gliding through a dream."

The first time I saw *Butcher Boy* she was locked away in a dusty and all but forgotten storage shed with her mast and rig scattered loosely upon her double ended flush deck. Sunlight fought through a slit in the roof just enough to show the thick carpet of dust settled upon her, twirling slowly upwards in a draft, and the rust weepers running from her cap rails down her once pristine white hull.

I remember helplessly staring at her, taking in her fine lines, enormous bowsprit, and sharp entry and wishing there was something I could do to help her. There was something very special about this old boat, even in her abandoned, neglected, and dusty condition.

Butcher Boy had been virtually lost from memory for 30 years. As part of the San Diego Maritime Museum's small boat collection, the 1902 gaffed workboat, like many other jewels of the past, had been stored in dark and dusty warehouses along the Embarcadero. She was protected from the elements, but also kept far from the eyes of her once adoring public.

Like a forgotten time machine, the 29' gaffer sat, never aging, never changing. To add insult to her abandonment, old sandwich wrappers were found wedged into her scuppers left over from a workman three decades past. *Butcher Boy* had all but disappeared from the face of the earth. Now, to celebrate her centennial, the little workboat

The Return of *Butcher Boy*

By Joseph Dittler

that literally gave birth to yachting in San Diego a century ago has been brought out of anonymity and is finding a new audience and new admiration.

Butcher Boy was launched in 1902 to serve as a delivery boat for Charles "Boss" Hardy and his brother George. Boss was a well-known and highly competitive butcher in San Diego. George was the sailor in the family and used to race meat, produce, and newspapers to large steamers and square riggers anchored off the Coronado Roads, a lucrative business at the best of times. Their customers included the Cape Horn fleet of windjammers, American, German, and British, who beat around the Horn east to west and then clawed their way up the coast to American ports of call. They were a hungry lot who had subsisted on waning ship stores for many weeks at sea.

Butcher Boy was a welcome sight to these weathered sailors during the final years of the age of sail. It doesn't take much imagination to see them lining the rails of

rusty ships with patched sails in anticipation of a good meal, fresh meats and vegetables, and the holiest upon holy of items, a newspaper.

When there were no ships in, Hardy would use *Butcher Boy* as a fish boat, often catching 100-lb. white sea bass off the Coronado Islands, halibut in the shallows near Point Loma, and large tuna outside in the current. The fish were packed in ice and stored in a special fish hold located amidships. Once cleaned and iced ashore, they would be sold at the Hardy's Bay City Market or peddled door to door by the kids of the neighborhood.

Butcher Boy was the Hardy brothers' third boat. The first was a Whitehall pulling boat. The second, also a sturdy gaffer, was built in 1886 and served the Cape Horn fleet for about 15 years. *Butcher Boy* was only fish boat number four or five in San Diego. She was built at the shipyard of Manuel Goularte and Manuel Madruga, two very capable ex-fishermen from the Portuguese Azores. Over a career that spanned 50 years, Madruga built an estimated 77 boats. He was 21 when he built *Butcher Boy*.

She was born from a whittled out model, using no blueprints or written sketches, just the memories of two very wise shipwrights, and built in the likeness of the Columbia River salmon boats of West Coast fishing lore. The 29-footer was built of Port Orford cedar over bent oak frames and copper fastened. She was given an 8.5' beam and a draft of 2.7' with the centerboard up. She carried 604 square feet of sail in her mains'1 and jib, all of which were handsewn by Mrs. Goularte.

"She was built with full length planking, with no seams," Madruga told a writer in 1978. She was built for Boss Hardy for between \$300 and \$400 remembered the builder.

To give some understanding of her extreme perpendiculars, *Butcher Boy* carried a 35.9' mast, 30.1' boom, 13.6' gaff, and a large hogged bowsprit of more than 10'. Years later the gaffed sloop carried four bunks below, a small head inside (described as "something only a dwarf could use"), and, as in her original configuration, the helmsman stood or sat in a small hatch or cockpit aft where he rode the giant tiller.

Butcher Boy had no auxiliary power, and on some days Hardy would row her into the channel to get a jump on the competition. George Hardy's niece (Charles' daughter), Georgie, would recall more than 70 years later how her uncle would row *Butcher Boy* across San Diego Bay to Roseville and climb up onto Point Loma to watch for ships that came in. "Then he would sail or row out to them as they lay at anchor," she recalled, "while they waited for the Pilot Boat to bring them in. The channel was so narrow it wasn't safe for a strange ship to come in alone. I would often go with him because I could spot the ships sooner than he could with his old glasses."

She described how competition was fierce for orders and he would often race another butcher's boat to the scene, arrive first, then yell up at the purser, "I'm from the Hardy's Bay City Market, and if you give me your order I'll cheat the hell out of you." Georgie recalled how the purser would laugh and invite her uncle aboard to collect his order, amazed at Uncle George's gregarious humor.

It was not uncommon for him to singlehand *Butcher Boy*, despite her large mainsail and only 2,000 pounds of moveable lead ballast snug in between her floor timbers. Today no fewer than three men crew the excessively canvassed boat, and the museum ordered a second set of reef points just so they didn't find themselves in trouble with such a rare vessel.

During her short career as a meat boat, she gained a reputation for speed and was the envy of the yacht club set, rather a sensation on the bay for her rough work boat exterior and extreme speed off the wind.

"*Butcher Boy*? She was an old friend of mine," began the late Joe Jessop, who whistled as he spoke and knew her from those early years. "She was built to beat all the other fishing boats in and out of the harbor with her catches, so it was no surprise to some of us when she began winning everything in sight." Jessop, who was born in 1898 (and died in 1997), was for many years the living memory of yachting in San Diego. "Yachtsmen used to rent the fishing boats on Sundays," he would recollect. "That was the sailing fleet for San Diego Yacht Club for some time. *Butcher Boy* made these races no contest."

But auxiliary steam-powered meat boats eventually left *Butcher Boy* in their wake and she was sold to make way for the future. She was sold to a very eager Kent Hamilton of



Butcher Boy in her early days sailing past the Down Easter *Benjamin F. Packard* at the Coal Bunkers Wharf, San Diego. Taken in the early 1900s, her original rig and cabin can be seen as well as the original two hatches and flush deck.

the San Diego Yacht Club and promptly won the Williams Cup yachting races in 1905 and 1906. She became the yacht club's flagship in 1908 when Hamilton became Commodore.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the Lipton Tea baron, despite his losses in the America's Cup, was a popular figure among American yacht

owners and society at this time. In 1902 he visited San Diego Yacht Club and, at the request of the club, established the Sir Thomas Lipton Challenge Cup, which is still hotly contested today.

Butcher Boy competed in the second Lipton Cup in 1905, where she gained even

Butcher Boy performed sea trials in Coronado's Glorietta Bay recently. It was a return to her stomping grounds of a century ago. The historic Hotel del Coronado and the Coronado Boat House, both 19th century structures, can be seen in the background. (Photos by Bob Grieser)



more accolades. While she lost that historic race to the speedy *Detroit*, it did not go unnoticed that a larger boat, built for racing from the keel up and shipped to San Diego to compete (and win), only barely stayed in front of the old work boat, *Butcher Boy*. Legends are made of such things, and today a diorama of this historic race is on display at the San Diego Maritime Museum depicting a tense mark rounding in the Coronado Roads.

New owners came and went, including another SDYC commodore, Gerald MacMullen (1925), who gave her flagship status for a second time. All the while she continued to enter and win races. MacMullen, who became a noted journalist and historian, even singlehanded her to the San Clemente Islands and Catalina for the summer. He loved to write about his fabled *Butcher Boy*, as an article in a 1934 edition of *Yachting Magazine* attests:

"While her long keel made her slow in stays, she was a delight to steer at sea and was fast and comfortable. And when it got nasty, she went through the water with far less pounding and fuss than her modern rivals. Of course, such a model is not the best thing for smart windward work, but with a quartering or beam wind there was nothing which could stay with her. She gloried in a fresh breeze and yet was remarkably good at ghosting along in light airs." *Butcher Boy* may never

have been yacht pretty. But she had an effect on all who saw her off the wind.

MacMullen sold her to a man in Los Angeles in 1930. Suddenly *Butcher Boy* was gone from San Diego waters, except for an occasional Newport to Ensenada Race or Los Angeles to San Diego run. One of her owners during that time, Rollie Kalayjian, owned her from 1940 1950 and raced her regularly around the Channel Islands and to San Diego and back, which must have been simply torture for San Diego yachtsmen to see.

After 41 years most had stopped talking about *Butcher Boy*. But not Joe Jessop. In fact, Joe had an obsession to find *Butcher Boy*, a mission that would absorb all his free time. His older brother had sailed in that well-documented 1904 Lipton Cup aboard *Butcher Boy*, and Joe knew that this boat, more than any other, captured the yachting spirit and history of his city. A fund-raising arm of the local maritime museum raised \$3,500 to help bring *Butcher Boy* home should, that is, Joe be successful in finding the little yacht.

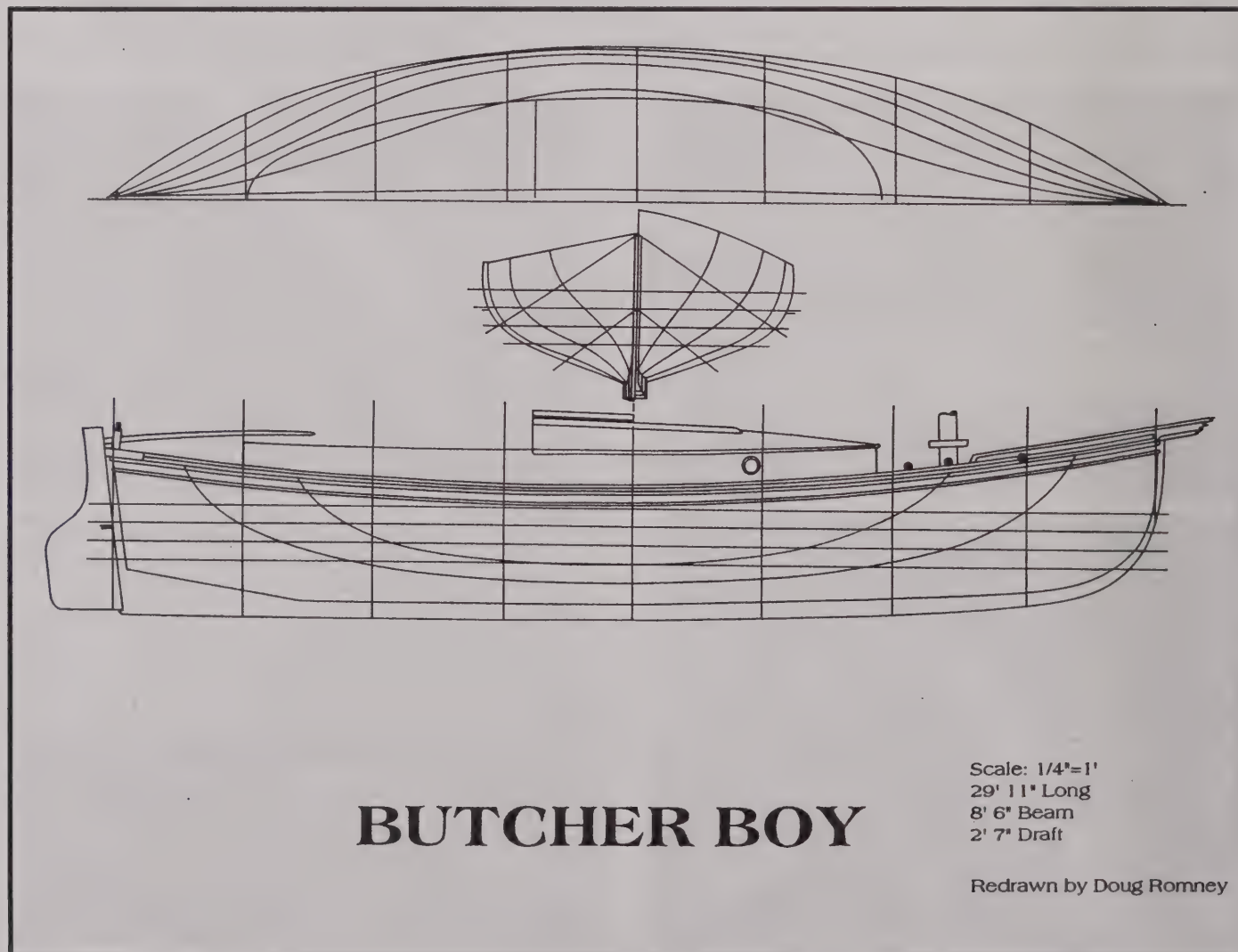
Jessop was an important man along the West Coast. He was an international Star Boat champion and a man of great influence. He was crowned "Mr. San Diego" for his philanthropic lifestyle and the mere mention of his name opened doors. In other words, he had lots of friends. Word traveled up and down the coast of his quest, and one day in

March of 1971, Joe got a call from a dockmaster in Playa del Rey, 100 miles north of San Diego. "There's a boat here," said the man, "and I'm not sure, but she might be that *Butcher Boy* you're looking for."

Joe and Ken Reynard, the tough retired sea captain who oversaw restoration of the museum's 1863 barque *Star of India*, headed north to investigate. "The vessel we looked at," Reynard would recall later, "was a double-ender all right, but just couldn't be that old, or was she? We had heard that another boat, a *Butcher Boy II*, had been built from the original boat's lines. Surely this must be the newer boat. Eventually we realized this was indeed *Butcher Boy* with a gasoline engine, a keel, and raised freeboard. This was our *Butcher Boy*!" Jessop later figured the boat had 17 owners over her long life, "and I must have talked to 14 of them, all who stated she served them well."

Reynard and First Mate Bill Cooper loaded a few supplies on board, including a 2-lb. slab of bacon, allowing them to perform a service *Butcher Boy* had not done in more than 65 years. Years later Reynard would recall *Butcher Boy*'s triumphant return to her home waters.

"It was a beautiful Sunday with fresh breezes. The fleet of yachts assembled to watch the Lipton Trophy race, defended successfully by Gene Trepte and his



Brushfire, but the little 29' gaff rigged cutter drew more than the normal attention among the spectators who little realized I was holding her back, for as eagerly as she seemed to want to race too, it wouldn't do to lead these modern yachts around the course."

End of story? Not quite. The gasoline engine was removed and *Butcher Boy* was restored to her original fine and fair lines. Her centerboard was put back in place and a new set of sails were made in the likeness of her originals, even down to the single set of reef points. But with the struggling museum spread all over the bay and no shoreside facility, *Butcher Boy* was put to pasture in an old warehouse until something better could be devised for displaying her.

It was in that dusty warehouse in 1991 where our paths first crossed and the spell of *Butcher Boy* was cast upon me like a fisherman's net. I was a young reporter moonlighting as publicist for the local maritime museum. When I saw her it was like finding the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine. She had long stopped being part of waterfront conversation, as more and more of her extended family of players moved away or died. In fact, I had to really dig to find information out about her.

But the hook was firmly set. I was being reeled in by *Butcher Boy*. Through a lengthy campaign and a two-page letter to the then director of the museum, I was able to convince the museum to put *Butcher Boy* on display. In the winter of 1992 a waterfront festival was in the works called the Nautical Heritage Festival. It was proposed to showcase old boats along San Diego's waterfront for the public to enjoy.

The show lost its funding the day before opening and *Butcher Boy*, despite having a tabernacle built into her mast (for display purposes), being cleaned up, and affixed with sail looking fabric, sat there behind a chain link fence for the weekend. A total of 12 people visited her over the two-day period. I remember climbing up onto her trailer, then hoisting myself up into her cockpit. As I sat there I thought how sad it was that such a beautiful boat, with such a glorious history, could be forgotten. I leaned back against her tiller and looked up at her mast with imitation sails furled on her massive boom and mast pennant flying. Large and animated cumulus clouds raced by in the background and it didn't take much imagination to feel that I was at her helm, in a stiff breeze, somewhere off the coast.

I must have sat there for two hours or more before a sudden rainstorm snapped me from my dream. And even then I wasn't sure where I was or what year I was in. The magic of *Butcher Boy* was still there.

Now, a century after her initial baptism, 30 years after Joe Jessop turned the lights off in that warehouse, and through many donations, *Butcher Boy* sails again. The museum had a major change of attitude in the wake of 9/11 and suddenly there was renewed optimism that perhaps *Butcher Boy* might again feel the wind in her sails. Despite numerous other projects demanding the museum's attention and resources, it was decided to bring *Butcher Boy* out to celebrate her centennial in May 2002.

She was trailered to a local boatyard, put in a large sling, and slowly reintroduced to the salty environment she once knew so well,

a little more each day until, in theory, she would tighten up. Workers described "daylight" being visible through her planking, but the hope was she would eventually swell to tightness. Three large pumps worked night and day to keep out the ocean. One worker speculated she was pumping more than 2000 gallons a day.

For three weeks nobody knew if this plan would work. Then, all of a sudden, and with nothing but a little bottom paint on her hull, *Butcher Boy* swelled and the daylight went away. Amazingly, no recaulking of her seams was required.

Rollie Kalayjian, who owned her from 1940 to 1950, once described to me how her sheer strakes leaked when her rail was down. When he tore them apart he found a polka dot dress stuffed in to prevent leaks. We laughed at the potential for a good story. No such findings were claimed by her work crew as they made her tight again this day.

Now, immersed in the water and at the yacht club where she had served twice as the Commodore's yacht, *Butcher Boy* was ready to set her gigantic mainsail to the prevailing breezes. The initial reaction of her helmsman and crew was one of utter shock. The boat had a gentle helm, was slow in stays, but extremely fast off the wind and, get this, she accelerated like a speedboat. It wasn't long before we were overtaking larger, more modern sailboats in San Diego Bay and grabbing attention of boaters everywhere.

Suddenly she was alive again, and with each outing *Butcher Boy* gained dozens and dozens of new friends and admirers. Large wooden schooners would literally change course to follow and get in close to *Butcher Boy* if, that is, they could catch her. Off the wind she is a demon.

Modern outings have included racing in the Ancient Mariners Yesteryear Regatta of wooden boats and the 89th running of the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup, a race of very modern boats. In the Yesteryear Regatta she blew past

a 46' yawl under spinnaker. *Butcher Boy* passed her to leeward and never slowed for a moment. Everyone held their breath as *Butcher Boy* skated under the shadow of the big yawl, but she never flinched and never slowed.

In the Lipton Cup, *Butcher Boy* was given a ceremonial 30-minute handicap. By the final leg she was surrounded by Lipton Cup competitors ("leading those modern yachts around the course," as Ken Reynard would say). As she crossed the line she received a deafening cheer from the fleet.

She has been featured at numerous yacht club opening day ceremonies and made available for visitors to take "the ride of your life" on odd Sundays along the Downtown Embarcadero. Her reintroduction to the San Diego yachting scene has been extremely well received. The goal of her owners was simply to bring her back into public view, as a sailing vessel and not a static exhibit. Mission accomplished.

One of those lucky few who sailed *Butcher Boy* recently was Mark Robinson, great grandson of Charles "Boss" Hardy. Another on board that day described what it's like being at the helm of this little gaff sloop as she is put through her sea trials in Coronado's Glorietta Bay. "Sailing on *Butcher Boy* is like going for a sail in a Winslow Homer painting, it's like gliding through a dream."

(Joseph Dittler has been a waterfront writer and photographer covering the west coast of the United States since 1984, and his work is seen regularly in magazines throughout the United States and England. He specializes in wooden boats, traditional rigs, and waterfront characters. He also owns a PR firm called Schooner or Later Promotions, where he lends his marketing expertise to numerous waterfront clients. Joe lives on the island of Coronado and rows a lapstraked dinghy named *Tinkerbelle* to work).

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There is nothing quite so pleasant as the security of a warm, varnished, wood cabin, a place out of the weather and tumult. Even a very small cabin, such as the one in which I lay anchored on Richardson's Bay off Sausalito, provided a bit of luxury. And this, combined with other features of my modern Vesper lightweight sailing canoe, justified 300 hours of work over a year's time and the \$1,369 it cost me to get here. I do not include the building jig in this reckoning.

The sailing canoe movement of the 19th century resulted in the formation of numerous clubs in the United States dedicated to cruising, regattas, and racing. This movement began in the 1860s with John Rob Roy MacGregor's book, *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe - On Rivers And Lakes Of Europe*. MacGregor paddled his wooden version of the traditional kayak and wrote entertaining and instructive books. Boatbuilders in Europe, Canada, and the U.S. began to produce canoes for the growing group of enthusiasts.

J. Henry Rushton of Canton, New York, a prolific boatwright with his own small factory, produced the Vesper to a design by Robert H. Gibson. Gibson was a member of the Mohican Canoe Club of Albany, New York and won the American Canoe Association's International Challenge Cup in 1886 in his Rushton-built Vesper. This vessel was among the last of the wholesome sailing canoes, as succeeding designs were devoted to racing. Vesper, although fast, was able to carry camping gear and provisions.

I first gazed upon the sublimely beautiful Vesper in 1979 in the P.M. Dodge Hall of Skiffs at the Thousand Islands Shipyard Museum in Clayton, New York (www.abm.org). At the time I expected that I'd build my own version of this 1885 design one day, and that I'd probably build in glass reinforced plastic (GRP). It was only later when calculating weight and considering other methods, such as strip planking, that I realized that 4mm Bruynzeel plywood glued lapstrake construction would be best. So I filed away my museum handout sheet on which I had ticked off Vesper's dimensions and tried for years not to start another project.

Building My Vesper Decked Wood Sailing Canoe

Part 1

By Derek Van Loan
Photos by Katrina Van Loan

Like many boat builders, I have ideas to test, otherwise simply purchasing an off-the-shelf vessel would make more sense. Building, after all, takes a lot of time that could be spent sailing. I wanted my Vesper to be fully decked with only a small cockpit and a Maurice Griffiths hatch. This hatch system, invented by the long-time boat designer and editor of *Yachting Monthly*, was inspired by the Dorade vent and is a baffle scheme that doesn't depend on seals to keep water from entering. Furthermore, air circulates through the baffles even when the hatch is closed. I first saw one of these hatches on the foredeck of a 30' sloop that had made several trips across the Pacific from New Zealand. "Never leaked a drop," said her owner builder. The Griffiths hatch had also proved itself on my Sleeper design for years.

I thought that trimming the top edge of the 4mm cockpit coaming with flexible, black plastic pipe, split, heated, and snapped over little wood blocks glued to the coaming at intervals around and below the edge would be a good idea, too. I had long wanted to try this.

Another feature that had proven worthwhile in Sleeper that I decided to incorporate into my canoe was my flexi trunk. It is a daggerboard trunk that consists of an upper block glued to the underside of the deck and a lower block glued to the bottom, joined by a Naugahyde™ tube. The tube's sewn seam is made waterproof with 3M 5200 caulk, as is the lower block join. I'd made daggerboard trunks for years of wood and glass, only to have the boat twist and leaks develop. Never had a leak with the flexi trunk and it's much

easier to build. In my canoe the trunk would be situated off center, alongside the hatch.

I planned to pivot the tiller on the mizzen mast ("dandy mast") tube as some of the old time builders did. Two wing nuts would permit adjusting the up down friction of the tiller pivot and allow locking the course setting. Lines run back to a yoke on the rudder.

Less exciting innovations are the pieces of rubber tubing cut slightly longer than the thickness of the ply to allow adjustment of the turn buttons that hold the floor boards to the keel. Then there are the masts, glued up from western red cedar 2x4s, shaped, and treated with a couple of coats of Star Brite Tropical Teak Oil. Varnish or paint gets dinged up by the sail spars and tallow or oil is messy.

Getting out on the water involves more than simply owning a boat. A boat is part of a whole system involving storage, transportation, and launching and retrieval. I decided to build a sailing canoe because they are lightweight and fast. I did not want to have a trailer, and a simple, knock-down dolly would enable me to singlehandedly launch into the bay right across from my house. Building a vessel that is under 16' would relieve me of complying with regulations that apply to longer vessels, such as those applying to night lighting.

A canoe stores well, too. Furthermore, a canoe can be easily carried on top of a car. At first I thought that my canoe would be considered to be a kayak under California state regulations and that I would not be required to pay an annual fee and display a bunch of numbers on my bow. Alas, any sailing vessel over 8' in length must be registered here.

I've already mentioned that I feel the need for a sheltered cabin. My brother Howard refers to this aspect of my boating as my "sailing wooden sleeping bag." The Vesper, with its off-center board, is just wide enough for one to lie snugly below deck with the hatch closed. There's nothing like a refreshing nap in the middle of a boating day, being able to take shelter from a cold rain squall, or to read without interruption from a telephone. The cabin provides an option to the tent when camp cruising. The deck adds to the seaworthiness, too. The shallow water available to me necessitates the shallow draft of a canoe.

Another essential to the system is a boat cover for outside storage. Perhaps most important of all, since I don't very much fancy working on a boat, is the need for low maintenance materials. Bruynzeel ply serves admirably for this purpose. I chose their occume, an African mahogany. Stories abound concerning the ruggedness of Bruynzeel plywood and it is rated tops by Lloyd's of London. Varnish would finish my canoe because varnish is lightweight and aesthetically appealing. After all, beauty is important, too. With the actual hours of usage and the boat cover, a bit of touch-up now and then is all that's necessary.

The Method: I had never built a glued lapstrake boat before so I read up on the subject. The original Vesper was planked in cedar held together with rows of copper nails at 1" intervals along the seams. Wood ribs were steamed and nailed in. I am not a slave to tradition and, I'm sure, neither was Rushton, so epoxy is my fastener of choice. Furthermore, Rushton's son, Harry, indicated

in an appendix to Atwood Manly's book, *Rushton and His Times*, that they would have used an adhesive if a good waterproof one had been available.

I studied books and magazines on what is known as lapstrake, lapstreak, or clinker boatbuilding, all requiring skill to plane an accurate winding bevel at the laps and most concerned with heavier vessels. An image that persisted in my mind was that of Thomas J. Hill standing on the shore of Lake Champlain (I think) with one of his canoes balanced above his head on his fingertips. So I obtained a copy of his *Ultralight Boatbuilding* and concluded that Hill's method, which requires little skill, suited me well. Furthermore, I purchased the excellent videotape of Hill building one of his lightweight canoes. I think this tape is essential for anyone considering Hill's method. Boaters are pretty independent people and I'm no exception, so I thought that I could improve on Hill's system. But I found as I progressed that he had worked things out very well.

There is a plethora of information concerning wooden sailing canoes on the internet, including an online copy of a book by W.P. Stephens which includes the offsets for Vesper. My friend Chris Lamb loaned me his 1895 edition of this book, *Canoe and Boat Building - A Complete Manual for Amateurs*. The offsets and much more are to be found in Stephens' book. Any reservations I had concerning the hydrodynamics of lapstrake boats were dispelled by Stephens:

"...the laps, or lands as they are usually called in England, are very nearly parallel, not with the water lines but with the course of the water which is largely down under the boat. At the ends the lands are diminished to nothing, if the boat is properly built, and that they detract nothing from the speed is well proved by the fact that a very large majority of all canoe races have been won by lapstreak boats." I have also heard that the laps cause small air bubbles to flow back along the hull, aiding the vessel's progress through the water. Incidentally, another friend, Bill Booth, a designer and boat builder, paid me a visit one day while I was in the midst of construction and said, "Shake the hand of the man who shook the hand of W.P. Stephens." Bill had met him in the 1940s.

I did a body plan lofting on white painted plywood using polycarbonate plastic splines that I'd ripped on my table saw. Corrections to the lines were made from a foreshortened full lofting. The breadths were marked full-sized, the length of the canoe was lofted one quarter of its actual length, all on plaster wall board. The corrected body plan lines were reduced, using a block of wood and a pencil, by the thickness of the planking and the thickness of the ribbands. Then I transferred these lines to clear mylar drafting plastic, using a pen to trace over the body plan lines. I then transferred the lines on the mylar to whitepainted 1/2" plywood using carbon paper. A little work with my saber saw and I had the molds, or what Rushton referred to as the "forms."

Next I screwed the molds to the strongback, following Hill's directions. The 3/4" fir ribbands were attached using drywall screws at intervals ticked off around the center mold with the help of the marks I had made many years before in the Clayton museum. I only wished that I'd made more marks then,

as it would have simplified the lining off process. Next the backbone was installed according to Hill. The keel, two layers of 3/4" western red cedar, was screwed to this and fir stern and stern posts were glued to the ends, followed by shaping with the power and hand plane.

Hill's advice on tool sharpening was helpful. I bought a diamond sharpening stone and a good Japanese honing stone, as well as the Craftsman's Studio Honing Guide. I'm not ashamed to say that this gadget allows me to achieve sharp planes and chisels without too much skill. I use Hill's test, shaving hair off my arm. Finally I had begun actually building my canoe!

After building jigs and trying three different methods of scarfing the 8' sheets of Bruynzeel plywood, I settled on using butt blocks. I could not get an invisible joint when scarfing. And, I had built other hulls using butt blocks, including a trimaran that had sailed from California to Australia without failing, so I wasn't worried about strength in my little canoe. Each of the blocks had to be trimmed to fit exactly between the ribbands.

I used inexpensive doorskin veneer to determine the shape of the planks. Hill marks directly on the underside of the finished planking. I marked inexpensive doorskin, producing a pattern for each plank. I traced around the cutout pattern onto the Bruynzeel. I found that clamping ply over the jig and accurately delineating a plank was difficult. This was not a satisfactory method, perhaps Vesper's shape differs from the canoes that Hill builds? In the future I'd like to try drafting mylar instead of the doorskin.

As I progressed over a number of days, gluing and beveling from the keel down to the sheer, I got better at what I was doing. Hill's method of planing the winding bevels is superb. I used my router with a laminate bit to trim the under side of each plank flush with the ribband. An external stern post of fir

Maurice Griffith's hatch, flexi trunk visible to starboard. Just visible below cockpit coaming is canvas bag for main halyard. There is one on each side as halyard is double-ended.



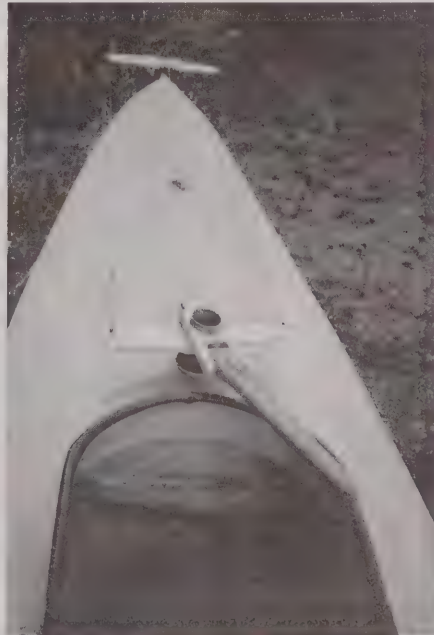
was glued and screwed to the planed off after end. This covered the ends of the planks. Then I planed a flat down the centerline and screwed on an oak batten, bedding it in 5200. A piece of copper strap, also bedded in 5200, serves to protect the bow. Seven coats of varnish followed. I epoxied 1/4" x 3/4" fir inside and outside around the sheerline, letting it project a bit above the sheerstrake to allow for beveling to accommodate the deck crown. My daughter Katrina helped me lift the hull off the jig. My friend Nancy, a real kayaker, and I carried the 44-lb. hull to the water and paddled about. No leaks.

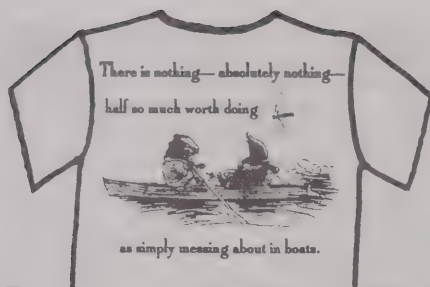
There were a number of things that needed to be done before clapping a lid on her. The keel's inside edges were rounded. Mast steps and tubes of 2" copper plumbing pipe were installed, as was a bulkhead at the after end to the cabin and another, with an access door, at the after end of the cockpit. The copper mast tubes had been polished and varnished before being caulked over wood plugs that had been screwed and glued to the keel. I glued the bulkheads in to the hull using 5200 to help accommodate the hull's flexing.

I laminated deck beams, four strips of 1/4" x 3/4" fir, and glued these to the underside of the roughly cut deck pieces. I also masked off glue areas and sanded and varnished the underside of the deck as well as the inside of the hull, a job that would be otherwise difficult to perform later. One piece of ply covered the forward part of the canoe back to the cockpit and the other from there back to the stern post. The join was made over a block of wood glued to the midship bulkhead.

I made a jig to help me with nailing on the deck, which worked better than nothing, but not perfectly. A few of the bronze ring nails protruded from the bottom of the 1/4" rubrail and had to be sanded flush using a 4" angle head grinder. The trunk tube was sewn to fit its upper and lower blocks which were glued to deck and bottom. Slots through

Steering pivots on dandy mast tube. Center line pulls rudder blade down and cleats just aft of tube.





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plank and deck were cut after these blocks were installed.

I cut floorboards from Bruynzeel, one for the cabin and one for the cockpit, each made to be removable. Slots were cut that were slightly larger than the turn buttons I'd made from scrap teak. The turn buttons were screwed to the keel using a section of rubber tubing spacer for each. The screw that held the toggle could be adjusted to vary the friction on the turn button, compressing or decompressing the rubber support.

I made a maple boweye and glued and screwed it to the deck above the stem post. Later I thought better of this and purchased a commercial boweye which I installed through the stem post. You could hang the canoe on this one. The boweye hole is athwartships so I could use a clever canoe anchoring system developed in the 19th century. It works this way: A "tagline" runs from a cleat in the cockpit forward through the eye, where an eye splice with a thimble is worked into its end. The anchor line passes through this thimble from the cockpit to the anchor shackle. By uncleating the tagline and slacking it away, the anchor may be pulled aft alongside the cockpit for deployment or retrieval. This system works very well and permits anchor handling without scratching the hull.

After gluing and clamping the upper daggerboard trunk block to the underside of the deck, I installed the Naugahyde trunk. The upper block was necessarily very close to the hatch coaming, so this was a bit tricky. Scrap Bruynzeel serves as the inner and outer Maurice Griffiths coamings, glued to 1/2" fir glue strips the side blocks were ripped at an

angle to compensate for the deck crown. The outer end coamings are of 3/4" fir. The hatch cover was also constructed of Bruynzeel using triangular glue blocks around the inside edges for lightness and to help the hatch cover easily center over its coaming. A solid brass hasp was installed on the outside. A Lexan™ window was glued to the hatch cover with 5200 and a stainless piano hinge completed the installation.

I made the rudder and daggerboard from 3/4" lumberyard mahogany. The board required much planing and shaping and is about 1/2" thick. A piece of scrap 3/8" Lexan™ serves well as the pivoting rudder blade. Using the table saw, I cut a groove around the upper edge of the blade to hold the line that pulls the blade down. A 3/8" stainless carriage bolt with a Nylock™ nut and some washers attaches the blade to the rudder and permits friction adjustment.

At the top of the rudder I mortised on a yoke crossbar of maple. A similar crossbar pivots on the after mast tube and synthetic, limited stretch control lines connect the two yokes. The mast tube yoke is glued to a half block and also pivots on the mast tube, the floating half of this block is attached to the fixed part with two 1/4" stainless carriage bolts and wing nuts. The forward wing nut and bolt serve to hold and allow adjustments to the angle of the teak tiller. The after bolt and wing nuts can be tightened or loosened to vary the friction on the mast tube, locking the helm if desired. This system is simple, elegant, and seems to work well.

(To Be Continued)



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It is pitiful to be in the grip of so many obsessions that I have had to let go of some of them (model airplanes for one) in order to pay proper attention to others. One of the obsessions most persistent is making little things out of metal. I think I owe the blame for that to the wonderful writer Nevil Shute. When I was a boy, I read a very good book that he wrote called *Trustee From the Toolroom* about a man who made miniature machines in his little shop and then wrote articles about the projects for a magazine for enthusiasts of that sort of thing. Somehow (and I won't spoil it for you if you have never read it) he got in a fix where he had to go halfway around the world. Miniature machining wasn't all that lucrative a business, so he had to do his traveling on the cheap in little boats. It was a good book for an impressionable kid looking for obsessions. I had an acetylene welder and a metal lathe by the time I was 12.

One of the advantages of machining metal is that you can stop anytime you want to, go do something else, and come back and take up exactly (well within .0001" if you are like me) where you left off. One time I was cutting Acme threads on a piece of 1-3/8" bronze propeller shaft (Tobin bronze...good stuff) and watching the tool pare off a long spiral of bright gold like some kind of beautiful Christmas decoration when the time came for my breakfast, so I switched off the lathe, ate my breakfast, and took off sailing to the Bahamas with my wife for about 80 days. When we got back, I went in there and switched the lathe on and it commenced paring off the same Christmas decoration just exactly like before. The only way you could tell that the interrupting interval had occurred was that the previous part of the spiral was slightly darker than the new shaving.

I do my machining anytime I get a chance, like when I have to wait for the epoxy to set up and all. When I do most of my machine work is in the middle of the night. I am kind of intermittent with my sleeping habits. I would think it came from standing watches on tugboats all those years, but I have

Naked Machining

By Robb White

been like this ever since I was a child. The schedule of my nocturnal machinations have varied through the years, but now it seems like I wake up at 2:22 every night. The older I get the less delighted I am with the prospect of wasting my time lying around in the bed trying to go back to sleep. I guess I think about when I am lying on my deathbed thinking... "Hell man, you should have got up and gone and done something... now don't you wish you had all that wasted time back?"

So I hop right up, pull off my socks, put on my glasses, trot right in there, and switch on the machine. Next thing I know, I smell coffee. It is kind of a nice way to start the morning. Metal-cutting machinery runs quietly so the tranquility isn't destroyed and my wife in the other part of the house (my shop actually used to be the living room of our little concrete house before the boys moved out) can snooze right through it all. I made the whole drive belt tensioning rig for the Rescue Minor standing naked at my milling machine in the middle of the night. Well, that isn't actually true. I sit on a stool when I am just working in one axis. I only have to stand up when I get on two or three knobs at the same time. I have done so much milling that I can freehand carve a Herreshoff cleat with nothing but a straight half-inch end mill (if you believe that, send me a quarter).

I'll work a milling machine while I am naked, but I wear an apron when I am running the lathe. Those long shavings come off the piece like they are a snake looking for something to bite. They have a diabolical twisting motion to them and are hotter than hell, too. I don't like to get approached by them. The chips from a milling machine come off in a more benign manner and just pile up on the bed and don't chase after you, so I work it naked all the time. I always intend to set the feed and go put on my clothes so as to be ready for the day, but sometimes I get sleepy

from all the tranquility of the work and want to go back to bed so, if that happens, all I have to do is switch off the machine, trot in to the bedroom, take off my glasses, pull on my socks, and I am asleep before any time is wasted at all.

I know y'all are wondering about the socks. Well, the floor ain't all that clean in there in the shop and my feet get dirty and unnecessary foot washing is a waste of time so I put on socks to protect the sheets from getting dirty. I know some of you are nitpickers and want to know if I go to bed at regular bedtime with dirty feet. Hell no, damn your eyes. I take a bath just like anybody else and scrub my feet until they are as clean as Martha Stewart's.

Even at that, I have to wear socks to bed to cover up my toenails so as not to shred the sheets or claw scratches on my wife. You see, bogging around and stomping oysters at the coast is very hard on toenails. They get very ragged and serrated and dangerous. They'll make short work of even 50% polyester sheets, and when I dream that I have made fun of one of these fools enough to offend him and he is in hot pursuit with his tire iron, I instinctively break into a hard run, even when I am lying asleep in the bed. My wife is a light sleeper and very quick, but if I didn't have my socks on...

Ain't this thing ever going to end? Now you want to know why I don't just wear my socks in the shop. Hell, man, have you ever walked around in metal shavings in your socks. The shavings will work their way into the fabric and hang up on the barbs and only come out in the bed, and my wife doesn't like them. Fortunately, because of my coastal and other habits, the bottoms my feet are as tough as those old style flat belts that they used to run farm machinery with so shavings don't bother me (when they are on the floor). There is no need to question the wisdom of my methods. I know exactly (believe me) what I am doing.

So now you want to know what I made last night don't you? A beryllium copper oyster knife... kind of marvelous.

I have finally had to put the old Grumman Sport Boat, *Chickenfeed*, on a trailer. I have always hauled it in the back of a pickup truck or on top of the car, but the last time I went to Lake Talquin the durn boat ramp was so steep I like to have given myself a hernia trying to load up. So I ordered a tiny aluminum trailer from Trailex (Canfield, Ohio, 800-282-5042) who built the *Rescue Minor* trailer and a bunch of my customers' trailers, too. They ship UPS, whole trailer doesn't weigh but about 85 pounds, tires and all. It is a cute little setup and the old Mercedes don't even know it is back there.

Though this particular trailer doesn't have any regular suspension to speak of, I have mounted my lightest precious boats on that kind of trailer before. One of my pet gripes about production boat trailers is that they are sprung so stiff that they are useless for anything under 1000 pounds (on other trailers Trailex matches the springs to the intended load). Here I am putting a 135-lb. boat on a trailer with no springs at all. I learned a neat trick.

Chickenfeed Trailer Conundrum

By Robb White

What you do is support the boat only right at the stern and up by the bow (Trailex provides two little bunks with pivoting pads to do this) and, with the axle positioned kind of in the middle, the whole tongue of the trailer acts as a long, limber spring and the boat just rocks along like an old limp sprung buggy. The only trouble with it is that children like to get in and jump up and down and try to stomp dents in the aluminum. I better get busy and build me a wood boat to go on there so I can put old *Chickenfeed* back in the bushes by the pond where she has lain for nearly 50 years.

I'll build the new boat exactly the same size as the old Grumman. That way I won't

have to adjust the trailer. Of course, the wood boat will be so light that I'll be able to carry it up to the parking lot in one hand with the motor in the other and load up without worrying about any hernia or any trailer. So, what will I do with that trailer? Boy, I hate a conundrum.

As an experiment I am going to strip plank the new boat out of 1/8" thick strips sheathed inside and out with fiberglass and epoxy. To try to simplify the whole operation down to require the minimum expense so a frugal amateur can do it, too, I'll rip the strips with a Skilsaw and one of Dave Carnell's amazing, thin kerf blades.

I already have the lumber picked out. I think I can rip the strips for two boats out of one wide, bark to bark, flitch. The fact that the flitch is plain sawn will make the strips turn out with vertical grain like on the *Rescue Minor*. What I'll do is keep the first boat for the family and put the second one on the trailer and sell the whole rig...on e-Bay. Only thing wrong with the plan is I don't own a Skilsaw. I'll rent it. Hah! Conundrum solved.

I went to the show. It wasn't easy, it's over 7,000 miles, mostly over water from my house to Port Townsend where the annual Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival is held. A long walk, and I needed to be back at work on Monday!

Friday should have been the best day, but I was several hundred miles away playing catch-up on the appointments that were paying a large part of my air ticket and crawling around among giant woodworking machines in sawmills.

So it was Saturday morning when I walked in through the gates with David LeBlanc. Nice weather, so nice that everyone I spoke to commented on it and pointed out that Puget Sound's reputation for rain was undeserved, me thinks they protest too much!

It was nice though, and the two of us drifted from one treasure to another, keeping an eye out for Chuck Leinweber (on-line publisher of *Duckworks* magazine whom neither of us had ever met, which made the job a little more difficult) and chatting with people like John Harris of Chesapeake Light Craft. On reflection, both Chuck and John had a much longer trip than I did, my travel was courtesy of Boeing and Airbus which, although boring, was pretty fast.

My impressions of the show are still a muddle, I have many mental pictures of lovely boats, big hefty converted fishing boats, and a couple of charter schooners dominating the basin, but in between there were some boats of a size that I could relate to.

How about a pair of exquisite Nordic Folkboats, both close to original in construction and layout with low cabin tops and long cockpits preserving the grace of the clinker lined hull? There were a couple of Sam Devlin's stocky little stitch and tape Surf Scoter launches, wonderful for the climate and semi-enclosed waters of Puget Sound. On Sunday morning I sat by a tiny woodburning stove at an exhibitor's display (the weather had turned cold and drizzly, more like the

From the Drawing Board

John Welsford
Small Craft Design



Occasional Ramblings From a Small Craft Designer

7,000 Miles To Port Townsend

reputation of the area) and appreciated the reason for all of the smokeheads and chimneys on the boats, almost unheard of where I come from. I suspect they are a necessity rather than a luxury in Washington.

I was very taken with a nicely built example of Sam's Lichen design, a little scow bowed centreboard cruising yacht. Roomy and light inside for a boat of about 20' long on deck, the proportions of the cabin were perfect for the hull shape, which was that of a bigger boat with the ends snubbed, big windows, comfy seating both in the cockpit and below, and the inevitable little stove putting out cheery heat.

Another that struck my eye was a short and chubby Iain Oughtred designed Wee Seal, altered by the builder (as a designer I have mixed views on owner alterations, the designer is the one who still gets the blame if the boat is adversely affected by the alterations, please ask first) to have a full keel rather than a centreboard and set up for cruising around the Queen Charlotte and Puget Sound areas. A well done amateur built boat like this one can be a delight, with few constraints on the time that the project takes and loving attention to detail, the boats are often better than that which a professional yard with budgetary constraints and costs will produce.

There were interesting people, Sam Devlin with whom I was able to spend only a few minutes between his customers, Brion Toss in his rigging shop, the man at the tool stand with whom I talked knife steels and forges for half an hour. I bought one of his tiny drawknives, I suspect that I won't use it much but it's a lovely tool and I needed to buy at least one souvenir.

I sat and listened to the sea chanties being sung in the Beer Tent, watched people, sat by the tiny Squeak, and talked to Stephen Ladd about cruising small boats. It seemed to me that he has vast experience in one boat, while I have a little experience each in many boats, an interesting juxtaposition and one that would stand some more exploration.

A sidewheel paddle boat cycled by, the bike wheels on the sides equipped with paddle vanes and the single wheel at the stern fitted

with a disk and steerable to act as rudder when in the water, all housed in a double ended plywood flattie and propelled by a recumbent bicycle.

Looked over the Chesapeake Light Craft stand, they have got the kitsetting of kayaks and light pulling boats down to a fine art. John Harris is another with whom I'd have liked to spend more time, but he had travelled a long way to be there and needed to put his time into his customers. Nice boats.

My main contacts were to be Chuck and Sandra Leinweber, and we must have missed by minutes many times. "Yes he's been here, asking for you," was the answer at the CLC stand on several occasions. I guess if either of us had stayed in one place for a while we'd have connected earlier. But there was so much to see, most of it needing more than one look. I met Jamie Orr, across from Victoria in his Chebacco boat. I recognised the moustache from the pictures in his cruising stories.

I ate several times in the eating house on the hardstand, the food was fine but the help were a bit overwhelmed by the busyness of the weekend. I'd hate to be a waiter in a place like that, the demands on the memory are high and the pressure constant. Good food though, worth the wait.

I walked, looked through catalogues, picked up a few, walked, collected and handed out business cards, walked some more and talked some more. I'd spent a day imprisoned in airport lounges and aluminium tubes to get there then, as a part of my work, spent four days (over 2000 miles, Mr. Hertz won't make much on that hire) in a car running back and forth to sawmills and machinery companies, so walking was a relief.

And, just as it was looking as though we'd missed, a slightly built guy in a *Duckworksmagazine.com* hat came up and addressed me by name. "Hi Chuck, pleased to meet you, Sandra. Where can we sit and talk?" It was great meeting them, we had only a short time together, but we've met and that will be the first of many meetings, hopefully not as rushed. We have a common interest in the boats and, of course, the Leinwebers are the U.S. agents for my plans. We talked about our different countries, boats, politics, boats, economics, boats, marketing, boats, business plans, boats, advertising, boats, and at the end of an hour, decided to go eat, then meet in Jamie Orr's motel and talk, about boats.

All too short a trip, but good fun, nice people, and all of my silver coins are going in a jam jar to make a start on the next airline ticket. I suspect that Sandra and Chuck are thinking along the same lines. I know that David LeBlanc, who was my guide and interpreter for the two days at the show, is itching to come and see my country, and I am keen to see more of the USA, its people, and more boats.

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Captain Tom Morse was the leading spirit in the revival of gill net fishing in Gloucester in the 1950s and '60s. He brought in the latest technology from all over the world and experimented, on a self supporting shoestring, with efficient designs of boats and gear. About 1960 he approached me for a new boat to replace his *Kelpie*, a good looking boat which he thought gave away too much capacity and steadiness to conventional ideas of shape and proportion. His idea was "a box with one end sharpened up some."

I had no trouble grasping the advantages of this insight, and the result was *Moby*. The stern half of her, or more, was the box. The sharpening at the bow end was fairly sophisticated, as the shape of its waves and spray in the photo suggests. Her GM-71 diesel is far forward to keep the working space clear, and to float its weight with the fine entrance she had to have a very deep forefoot from which her keel sloped up to a flat transom bottom at the after end of the "box."

We note the pounds per inch immersion figure above to show the advantage of this shape. It took close to a short ton to put her down an inch in the water. The center of flotation, the place to center added load to keep her fore and aft trim level, was in the middle of her working deck, and the transom was not immersed when unloaded so she did not pull up a dangerous stern wave when loaded down.

The photo shows her at full speed, with the big Jimmy diesel pouring its heart out at 2300rpm. It may record the only time in her career when she went that fast, as Tom did not believe in bending the throttle to make impressive waves. He reluctantly opened her all the way up for just long enough for Harold Adams' old Speed Graphic to record what happened. I'll guess that she is making 12 knots, which may be flattering her though you can see that the wake has flattened out nicely.

She's having to push that deep forebody through the water with sharply rising resistance. The bow wave is low and close alongside indicating a dry boat, though the weight forward made her slow to lift to a steep head sea. She had an odd characteristic that puzzled us and which we can't account for to this day. With a light load and no headway, she would fall off more or less broadside to the wind like most powerboats with big skegs, but with a couple of tons of fish putting her lower in the water and possibly a little down by the stern, she would head up and stabilize with her bow nearly into the wind. Mysteries ought to be instructive and lead to insights about flow patterns in water and wind, but so far I can make nothing of that one.

Moby fished very profitably for many years, until Tom decided to build up with a bigger and faster boat. (See *MAIB* Vol. 13, No. 8 - 09/01/95). *Moby* had been built in North Carolina with the characteristic cross planked construction of that coast, so he had us design the new boat for the same construction and ordered her there, but not from the same builder. He put down a sizeable deposit and went back to fishing. In due course he went to see how they were doing and found a boat well along in construction, with the deposit spent, that was nothing like the plans.

It was never clear whether the builder could not read plans or had a design of his own that he liked better. There was nothing to be done about it if the boat was needed that year. Tom named her *Surprise*, found her usable if not as good as he thought the one we had designed would have been, and fished her successfully for several years until he retired. This wasn't the first or last case we know of in which ordering a custom boat of a more or less unusual type from a distant builder produced an unexpected result!

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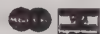


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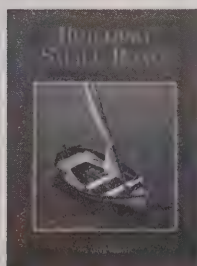
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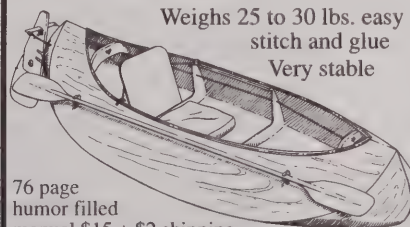


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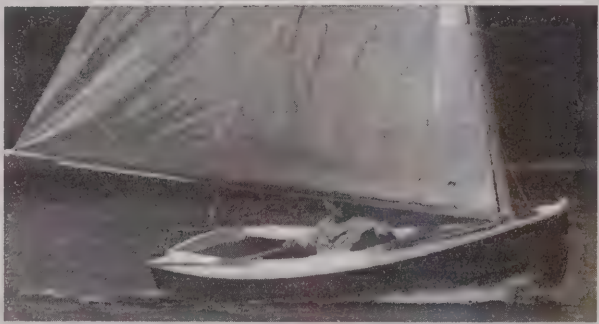


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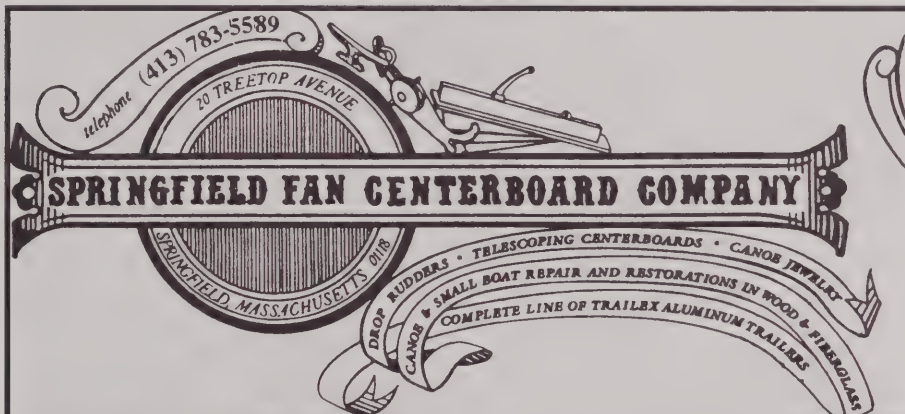
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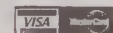
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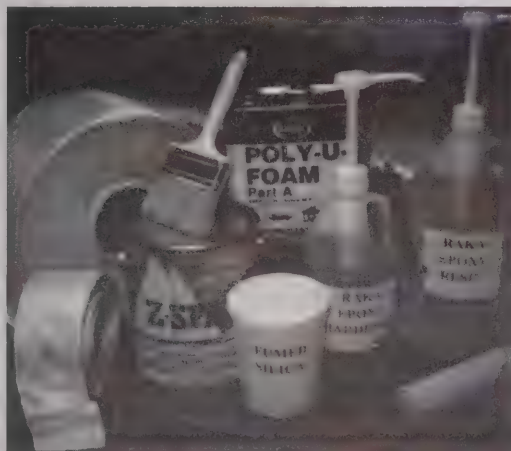
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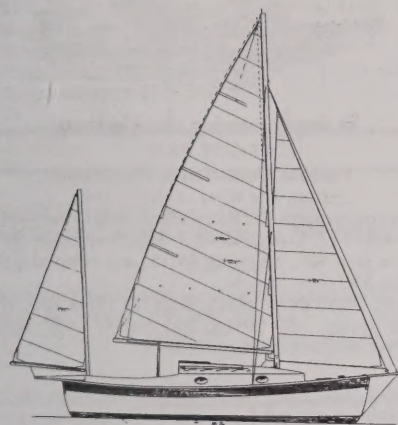
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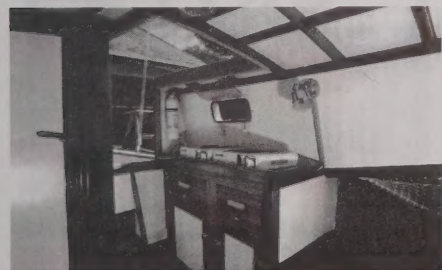
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Bolger Seahawk, LOA 15.5', blt 2002, like new cond. Mahogany marine ply, epoxy fiberglassed, SS hrdwre, PVC gunwale guards & spray rails. \$1,950. **'02 Mercury OB**, short shaft 2 stroke, used 6 hrs, barely broken in. \$1,650 (new \$2,100). Save \$300, buy both for \$3,300.

HANS WAECKER, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282. (20)

Lightning Sailboat, blt '42. Hull #822. Compl restored to pristine cond. Length: 19' Has "Certificate of Measure". Hull material: wood, dble planked. Original wood mast restored to like new cond. New sails & Shaw & Tenney paddle. Located in North Tonawanda, New York. \$3,500. **Whitehall Rowboat**, restored original Whitehall design. All wood constr. Traditional wineglass shaped transom. Length: 17'. Can be rowed singly or in tandem. Two sets of new Shaw & Tenney oars. Located in North Tonawanda, New York. \$2,200.

JILL CLARKE, Massena, NY, (315) 764 0489. (23)

Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store.

FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

15' Sailing Peapod, '85. Rockport Apprenticeshop, cedar on oak, Nathaniel Wilson sails, Exc cond. \$3,800.

DUNCAN WRIGHT, Portland, ME, (207) 871-0218. (22)



Joshua Slocum Spray Replica, accurate, '80, documented, 37' x 14' x 4.5' draft. Oak on oak hull, fir deck & cabin. 22hp Sabb diesel, Oceanus sails. Grt cond, proven & comfortable. \$75,000.

FRED EBINGER, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-7416 (23)



Windward 15 Chesapeake Skiff Project, marine ply & mahogany. Hull compl w/22' spruce mast, sail, plans, deck lumber. Loadrite Bandit trlr. See photo of sister boat at <http://www.cmdboats.com/w15pix.htm>. Price \$600 OBO.

ROB GOGAN, Acton, MA, (978) 264-4335. (23)

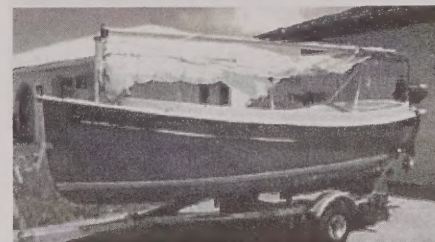
15' Seacycle Catamaran, pedal powered w/2 pedal drives, 4 seats, 2 seat cushions. Can be pedalled solo or double. Gd cond. \$1,500. **13' Hobie Mirage**, sit-on-top kayak w/patented pedal drive, hand controlled rudder. White hull w/dark green seat, 2 lg hatches w/deck bungees. Exc cond, w/new unused paddle. Only \$900. **Seacycle Drive Unit**, used abt 3 hrs & stored inside since. Like new. Incl shipping in USA. \$525, or pickup for less. Delivery possible to Mass on all items.

DON CURRY, Harpswell, ME, (207) 725-6914, <capttonald@hotmail.com> (23)

'67 Lyman 18' OB, '78 85hp Evinrude. Bimini, side curtains, aft cover & full mooring cover all in gd shape. New mahogany decks, new wiring & breaker board. New VHF radio & antenna, fish/depth finder, lighted compass, 12 volt plug in, hand held 12 volt spotlight, horn, bilge pump (boat takes on very little water, even at first of the season, seams have been filled on the bottom planks), boarding ladder, life jackets, fire extinguisher, paddle, etc. White hull w/red top stripe, blue bottom paint. Front windows open for a breeze in summer. Wooden window frames. Tan cushions, seats and backs for 4 seats. This boat runs like a champ thru a Lake Erie chop and looks great. Boat and motor are in vy gd cond. 11gal gas tank fwd, 3 gal tank aft. 2 batteries—dual switch. Tlr. This is a boat designed for fishing & family fun & it has served us well, but we're moving up. \$5,000. Located in northern Ohio.

GORDON BROLLIER, Hudson, OH, (330) 528 0116, <gbrollier@ofic.org> (23)

21' Dovekie, trlr, 2 sets sails. Set for cruising w/back porch. Located Tarpon Springs, FL. \$5,000. **GEORGE PALFREY**, Tarpon Springs, FL, (727) 938-5926. (23)



14' Com Pac Picnic Cat, '00 gaff rigged catboat w/red FG hull, white sail, & green sail cover. Vy stable boat w/6'6" beam. Roomy 9' cockpit w/bench seats & loads of storage. Comes w/orig trlr, '00 4hp Yamaha 4-stroke OB, & adjustable motor mount. Has only been in the water about 10 times & has been stored in the garage. Mastender Quick Rig Sailing System makes it easy to rig, launch, & retrieve. Mast can be easily raised & lowered by one person. Easily towed behind most cars. Asking \$8,000.

MARK GRAFFICE, Monroe, OH, (513) 616 4547, <magraffice@nls.net> (23)



Classically Elegant MAB, a dble cockpit gentleman's runabout designed by John Hacker & built by Bert Minett (Canada's premier boatbuilder) in 1934. All mahogany on oak frames, 21' long, 5'8" beam, 20" draft. Powered by GMV-8 160hp, to speeds of 42mph. Seats 6 comfortably. Exc cond. \$65,000. Boat is in Canada. DAVID PARDOE, Huntington, MA, (413) 667-3118. (23)



23' Venture of Newport Pilot Cutter, a modern FG replica of the famous English and American pilot cutters of the late 1800s. Features retracting keel, positive foam flotation, & self bailing cockpit. The pop top provides 6' hdrm in main cabin. 3 sails: main, jib, forward jib and alum spars. Comes w/ trailer & '86 Ford F 150 V8 van as tow vehicle. \$3,500, or will separate. JULIUS R. BUTKUS, Chicago IL, (773) 376 6256. (23)

9' Conny Type Yacht Tender, dark green FG hull, red bottom. Flotation, bronze hrdwre, wood seats & trim, lots of room. Like new S & T fitted oars & locks. Well used but nds some cosmetics. Rides nice on registered EZ Loader trlr. Package \$950. BILL HAMILTON, Edgewater, MD, (410) 798-5779. (23)

BOATS WANTED

AMF Alcort Minifish. AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TF)

10' Skiff, plus or minus, 600lb capacity (2 adults, 2 kids) w/wo/OB to drag behind 25' sloop for family excursions to islands, picnics etc. Have 9' rubber boat to trade or will buy for cash. No prams, (tried that !!) DAN LYNCH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631 6145. (22)

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Carbon Spars, Poles, Gaffs, Tiller Extenders, sections available for Cat Boats, Sea Pearls, Hens, Birdwatchers & other Bolger designs. If you need a new spar for a custom boat or a replacement spar for a current design, give us a call for a quotation, you may be surprised. Aerospace quality construction at affordable prices. New Bedford, MA, (508) 991-4828, www.forterts.com.(7P)

Masts or Proa Crossarms? Matched pair of heavy wall structural fiberglass tubes, slightly tapered, about 21' long by about 7" dia, end=capped, lin poly painted, new cond. Good for big cantilever loads. Asking \$950. Call to discuss. JAMES RICHARDSON, Essex, MA, (978) 768 6429 days, <islandroad@earthlink.net>(23)

GEAR FOR SALE

Marine Deck Cleats, 1 pr solid oak, 8" size, SS hrdwre. \$25 postpaid. FRED WINTERS, P.O. Box 494, Caledonia, MI 49316(23)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

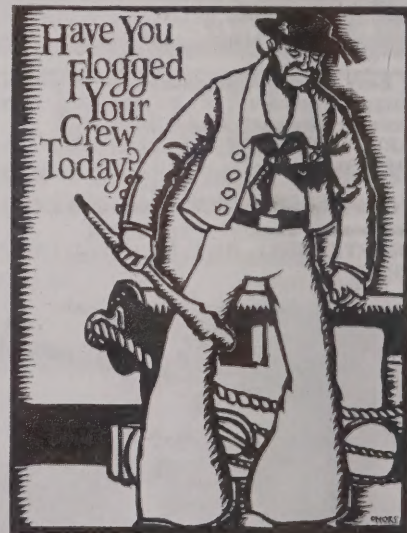
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Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. T-shirt \$17, Long Sleeve T \$22, Sweatshirt \$27, Tote Bag \$18, Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$50, over \$50 pleas inquire. THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. Toll free 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

Solid Mahogany Bartop. Some years ago when a neighbor moved I acquired a solid mahogany bartop, a full 1" thick x 21" wide x 10' long. Experiencing a bad case of stupidity (chronic) I cut a 27" x 60" piece from it for a friend's boat. Numerous kicks since have given me a pain sitting and I have also developed a flattened forehead. The remaining piece is about 15sf. It has to go. When I see it I cry. I hope someone buys it. I also have a **10" Ryobi Planer & 9" Craftsman Table Saw.** JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA, 01702, (508) 872-4205. (23)

Cabin Heater/Food Warmer, Origo alcohol 5,000 btu, used once. Asking \$75. **Alcohol Cook Stove**, 2 burner origo drop in style Model 4000. Never used. Asking \$265. **New Prop Shaft**, 1-1/8" diam x 8'4-1/2". Asking \$150. **New Prop Shaft**, 1" diam x 3'9". Asking \$75. **Sailor LH Prop**, used, 11" dia x 8" pitch. For 3/4" shaft. Asking \$75. CHRISTIAN DAHL, Woodbury, MN, (651) 714-4311. (23)

Petter 8hp Diesel, 2:1 gear, exc cond. \$975. CHRISTIAN DAHL, Woodbury, MN, (651) 714-4311. (21)



A Tough Jacktar, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master Card & American Express. NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, (207) 986-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <crew@norsgear.com> www.norsgear.com (TFP)



'95 Fast Motorsailer, w/o sail rig, used as power cruiser for two years, trlr kept inside, rigged f/ outboard, '95 dual axle trlr, large cabin & cuddy. Lots of natural wood interior trim. Great, safe, economical, low draft, easy to trlr launch, go anywhere cruiser. Works well with as little as 35hp or as much as 150hp. Dark blue hull, off white topsides. \$9,000. **'97 Chebacco Motorsailer**, 19'6", 7'6" beam, 2' draft, full length shallow keel, galv trlr, gaff rigged w/mizzen, natural wood interior trim, Honda 9.9 w/remote controls. Sails vy well & makes exc displ mini trawler w/o sails. Wheel or tiller steering from inside or outside of cabin. Stored inside, vy little use, professional build quality. Easy to trlr & launch. Can be seen on web at Chebacco News #17 & #24. \$10,500. Located near Syracuse, NY. BOB CUSHING, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687 6776. (23)

"Life's Too Short To Own An Ugly Boat" Bumper Sticker, \$2.00 ea, add \$1 postage for up to 20. Call for prices on T Shirts & Coffee Mugs too!
SOUTHPORT ISLAND MARINE, P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576, (207) 633-6009, www.southportislandmarine.com. (TFP)

Ultralight Canoe Building Mold, we have available a mold for the Tom Hill Charlotte design. Save time on yours. Sturdy & true. \$100. The canoes are finished, the mold is far too nice for firewood. Pick up in southern Ohio
PHIL JOSEPH, Oxford, IL, (513) 523 6054, josephpm@muohio.edu (23)

GEAR WANTED

Small Drum Winch, no handle okay.
CHRISTIAN DAHL, Woodbury, MN, (651) 714-4311. (23)

Kermath Sea Twin, gas engine and/or parts.
S. K. HOPKINS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA 22579, (804) 580-8723, <Dab@crosslink.net> (23)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Patrick O'Brian's Aubrey/Maturin Novels, compl series plus *Harbors & High Seas*, all in immaculate cond. Norton Paperback edition. \$160.00 plus shipping.
RAINER K. KERN, Rosenberg, TX, (281) 342-2692, <bubba6@evl.net> (22)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos, **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55". "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.
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Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.
WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)



New Design! Tape seam skiff built w/lines taken from a Westport work skiff. 17'10" x 6'3" lt wt, strong & easy on the eyes. Building Plans \$75, Visa/MC.
JERRY MATHIEU, CUSTOM SKIFFS, Box 3023, Westport, MA, 02790, (508) 679-5050, (508) 636-8020 (01P)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.
NANCY M. ASHENFELTER, 2601 Creekside Ln., Anacortes, WA 98221

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

Magazines, *Rusty Rudder/Rudder* winter '90 to present, 43 issues. \$50 plus shipping. *The Brass Bell* winter '89 to present, 41 issues. \$50 plus shipping. *WoodenBoat* #52 \$6 & 30 issues starting w/#136 to present. \$30 plus shipping. *Boat Design Quarterly* #8 \$8. *Yachting* '29 Feb, March, April, July, Aug, Sept, and Oct '30. \$12 ea. *Antique & Classic* Vol 1 issues 1, 5 & 6. \$12.
ROY ROYAL, Columbus, MI, (313) 390 6444 work, (586) 727 7320 home, <rroyal@ford.com> (22)

Classic Boating, glossy coverage of classic runabouts. Moving sale, library downsize. Issues 27 96, 1989 2000. Will ship for \$180. Also available, a variety of books about sailing, cruising, & yacht design. Call or e mail for list.
PHIL JOSEPH, Oxford, IL, (513) 523 6054, josephpm@muohio.edu (23)

Covering Wooden Boats with Fiberglass, Alan Vaites' out of print classic on reviving wood boats \$20 pp.
DICK TATLOCK, Lincoln, MA, (617) 549-4396, <Peppermoto50@aol.com> (23)

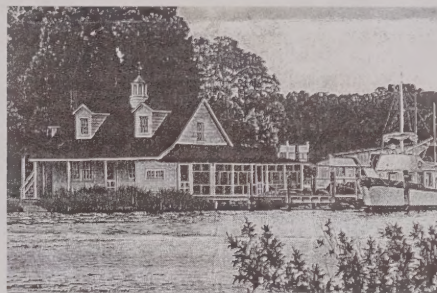
20 Camper Cruiser Design Articles, reprints from back issues of *MAIB*. 18' Bluebird by William Atkin; 20' Chebacco by Phil Bolger; 17' Deuce; 16' Dogwatch by Sam Crocker; 18' Eel by William Garden; 16' Great Pelican by William Short; 16' Guppie; 16' Heather by Tim Nolan; 19' Madrigal by Dave Gerr; 13' Mayfly; 15' Micro by Phil Bolger; 16' Mite by Westlawn; 16' Mouser by Phil Bolger; 18' Nina by Jim Thayer; 20' Nootka Sound by Joe Dobler; 12' Oldshoe by Phil Bolger; 17' Silhouette by Robert Tucker; 15' Titmouse by Sam Rabl; 17' Vagabond by Ted Geary; 16' Wayfarer by Ian Proctor. \$20 by Priority Mail.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 5-9pm best. (23)

MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Messabout Video, from Lake Conroe 2002-2, features IMB, Chebacco, June Bug, CLC Kayak, Carnell Sailboat & others.
DAVID ROUTH, The Woodlands, TX, (281) 364-9922, <ShortyPen.com> (23P)

www.kleppers.org. (TFP)

Partner or Contractor, for canoe manufacturing. Glass work done in Thomasville, NC. Nd assistance w/seat & trim installation as well as marketing, shipping, quality control.
PAINT ISLAND CANOE & KAYAK, Bordentown, NJ, (609) 324 8200, <info@PaintIsland.com> (22)



Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk.
LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

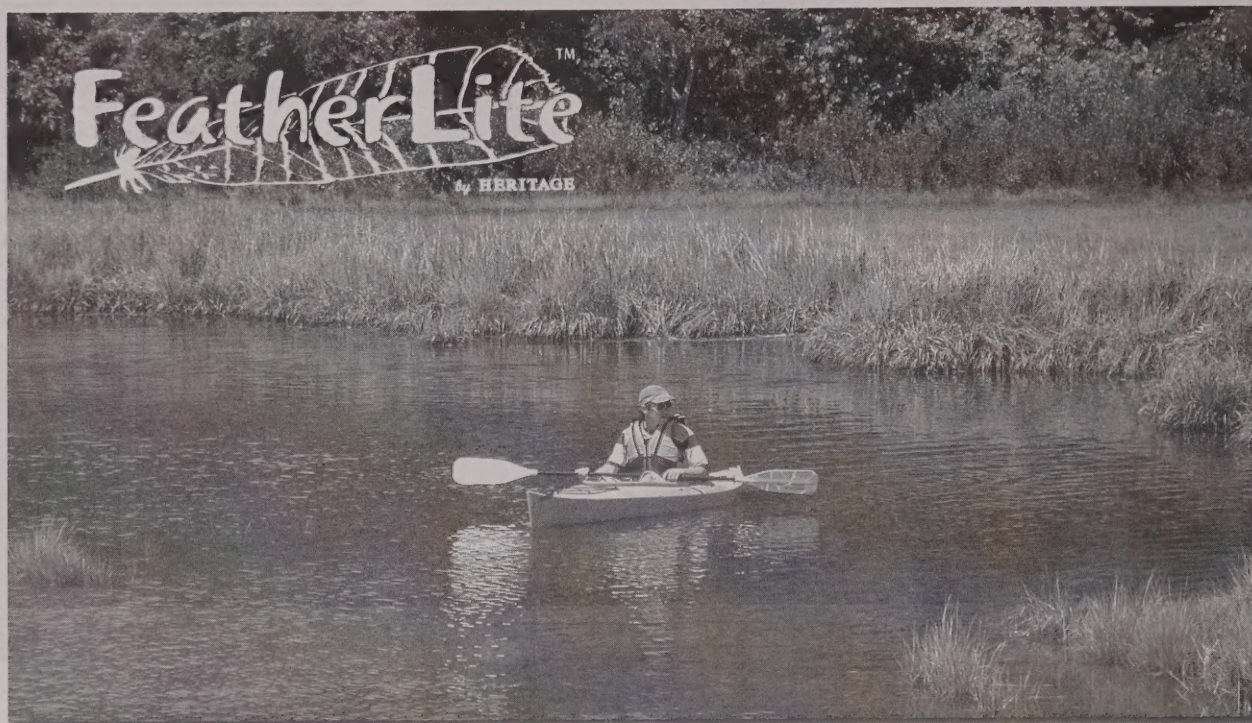
Barnegat Bay Rowing Dory Assets, incl 1 new boat, deck and hull moulds, trailer, & 3 pair oars. Former boat builder looking for a buyer, prefer sale but would consider other options. Will sell moulds separately.
WILLIAM R. FEIST ENTERPRISES, 95 Beechwood Ave, West Long Branch, NJ 07764, (732) 229 2014. (23)



Waterfront Rental, charming classic '30s cottage on saltwater bay on Plum Island, MA nr historic Newburyport. Birders & kayakers paradise. Parker River Wildlife Refuge on southern half of island. Slps 6, 2 bdms, 1 bath, dock. Book early. \$1,000/wk, 2wk minimum.
STAN BLAKE, Hampden, ME, (207) 862-3414. (23)

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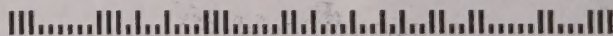
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